COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. I LLUSTRATED.

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MRS. CUST.

BARON A. VON MEYER.



Che Journal for all interested in Country Life and Country Pursuits

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URBS IN RURE

E hear a great deal about the difficulty of housing the working classes in great cities. The difficulty is not at all exaggerated. We hear a deal, too, in some parts about the difficulty of inducing agricultural labourers to abide in their agricultural districts and do the necessary work of agriculture. That difficulty is stated again in no extreme form. But there is a trouble other than either of these, in some ways opposite to either, and not so fully recognised, that by degrees is making itself more and more sensible, and that is the difficulty of finding accommodation for the humble classes to do the necessary work in districts where the better-to-do are constantly encroaching on the less well-to-do.

In the vicinity of London, within the last twenty years, and

In the vicinity of London, within the last twenty years, and relatively at much greater pace during the last ten years, regiments upon regiments of villa residences and houses of the fairly well-to-do classes, of all sizes and degrees, have been pushed outwards on all sides from London as a centre, until the face of

the country is covered by them. The simile of troops sent out from a central headquarters is really rather an appropriate one, for the manner of the advance is much that of a body of soldiers. In the first place we see the surface of a hill that had hitherto been free from attack, or bearing only the cottages that had nestled for generations in its sheltered places, dotted by an occasional small villa of the flamboyant martial hue of new bricks and tiles. These are, as it were, the scouts or outposts. In a few years' time a front line of these villas has been formed, with frontage on the main road of the district, and in the course of another year or two, side roads having been run back from the original main artery, a whole army of occupation has settled on that hillside, and the flamboyant hue is predominant. Meanwhile this army of occupation has pushed out its own outposts and "thin red line" to cover other hillsides further from the centre, and so the process goes on, until mile after mile of what once was countryis converted into virtual suburb. It is the result of this gradual process that we see with wonder as we go out of London on every radiating line of railway—on the South-Western line to Woking, on the Brighton line to Croydon and Warlingham, on the South-Eastern line to Tonbridge, on the Great Eastern to Romford, on the Northern lines through Hertfordshire, on the Great Western line along the sides of the Thames Valley, everywhere the scene is the same-the villa army of occupation giving place to the thin red line, and the thin red line again to the scattered outposts as we go out further and further from the centre. And every year the army is pushed further afield, taking the place that the red line occupied the year before, the line in turn advancing to its previous outposts, and the outposts themselves pushed ever further on, ever extending, never resting, until the circum-ference of suburban London makes it seem like an unnatural excrescence of populated dwellings on the surface of so small an

These villa residences that we see so thickly and so widely planted are of various degrees of size and magnificence. Even in the case of the humblest they suggest prosperity, for they indicate an improvement in the financial condition of the owner. They indicate that the owner is able to establish himself at a distance from his business or his shop, that he has the leisure to travel between his home and his business, and the means of supporting his country residence according to its requirements. Its requirements vary, but in many cases—in the majority of cases—they are such that a gardener or man of all work is necessary. In the smaller villa gardens he will perhaps be required only two or three days a week. The larger may provide daily work for several men. Where the villa is of the magnificence that includes stable accommodation further male service is needed. At all events the general tendency of the advance of the army of occupation is to demand labour.

Often, as has been said, the army advances to occupy country tolerably free of previous population. Sometimes, however, it comes with its conquering force to take possession of cottages and cottage holdings, supplanting them by its own scarlet-hued magnificence. In the former case it creates a demand for labour where no previous supply of labour has existed, and in the second place, at the same time that it creates the demand, it is pushing back, beyond its own outposts, the habitations of those who are able to supply it. The case is rather similar to that of the white man pioneering a wild country and pushing back the aboriginal inhabitants beyond the continually extending area of civilisation, but with this difference, that whereas the white pioneer is grateful to see the disappearance of the savage, who is only a danger and a trouble to him, the villa owner is constantly requiring more and more of the working man whom he is himself pushing back beyond the confines of the smart civilisation of his villadom. The consequence of all this is that there is a constant outcry in this constantly extending area of the semi-suburban neighbour-hoods for more labour, while the labour is diminishing in consequence of the difficulty that the working population meets in finding suitable habitations among the magnificence that is evicting it from its former homes. The lack of labour is similar evicting it from its former homes. here to the lack in the agricultural districts, but the cause of the lack is different. It is not that the labourer will not, but that he cannot, stay to do the work. He is being pusted away from the places where there is work for him to do, just as in the big cities he is being pushed away, by the smarter habitations, from the

Therefore we would make the appeal to those who are marshals of the great army of villadom occupation to take a thought of this matter, from the business point of view, for the advantage of those who shall inhabit the estates that they are letting out in building lots, and from the merciful point of view, out of common consideration for the poor people whom that villa population could benefit largely if it might provide a market for their labour, but whom it can only evict into places beyond the demand for labour if it do not spare their humble homes. We have no word to say against the pushing on of the villa outposts, believing that they mean a blessing to the life of the tradesman, the business man, and the clerk, but we would urge that they be pushed out with consideration, with a consideration that the poorer

brethren demand of right as our fellow-beings, and a consideration that in the long run is for the good service of those who will live in the villa residences and require the labour of the poor. Let their habitations be left for them where they exist; where they are not already, let thought be taken for their habitation in the future, when the advancing army of occupation shall need their service.



RITING in the face of the unconfirmed report from New York, which alleges an atrocious threat by Mr. Kruger to make reprisals on our prisoners if we refuse to treat Dutch rebels from Cape Colony as prisoners of war, we can only say that we hesitate to believe it. Until Cronje and his 4,000 men were taken, we admit that we had misgivings as to the fate of the captives at Pretoria; but Paardeberg made a wonderful difference to the situation. If there be any truth in the report, or if it be, as is possible, a ballon d'essai thrown out to see how the wind blows, it may be as well to remind Mr. Kruger that two can play at that game, and that we can go on at it as long as there are any Boers left.

We have no patience with Mr. Courtney, and we have our doubts whether even at the pro-Boer teas which are being organised just now by one or two great ladies his last exploit can be approved. It is really terrible to see how far prejudice may take a man. Lord Roberts and the whole of his staff saw one party of Boers hold up the white flag and cast down their arms. Then Lord Roberts and his staff saw another party of Boers—which must have been in full view—fire at the British troops which had respected the flag of truce. Mr. Courtney says that an essential link in the chain of evidence is wanting, since it is not proved that the Boers who fired saw the flag of truce; but this argument is simply childish. Then Mr. Courtney goes on to say in the most circumlocutory and ponderous way that Lord Roberts, whirled away by excitement, has committed himself to an untrustworthy statement. This is not only childish but abominable.

Meanwhile, in the perfectly well-meaning letters of Sir Frederick Milner and in Mr. Courtney's rigmarole there are probably more elementary mistakes on the subject of bullets than have ever been collected before in a short space of print. Here is a sentence of Mr. Courtney: "With respect to explosive bullets, I remember that Lord George Hamilton defended the use of Dum-Dum bullets—which I understand to be explosive—in the last Afridi Campaign, and when the subject of explosive bullets was raised at the Hague Conference, to which the Transvaal Republic was not admitted, I seem to remember that our representative opposed their condemnation. I am ready to do anything I can to stop their use." Perhaps it would not be a bad thing if Mr. Courtney had gone to the trouble of making some little enquiry before he wrote this wholly ridiculous sentence.

The Dum-Dum bullet is not, as many persons seem to think, a missile intended to operate on what is politely called the "lower chest," but a bullet made at the Government factory at Dum-Dum, and it may be any kind of bullet. As a matter of fact, no explosive bullet has ever been made at Dum-Dum, the distinction between "explosive" and "expansive" bullet being that some fulminant material is added to the explosive bullet to make it explode, and that something is done to the other to make the metal expand. An explosive bullet blows to pieces; an expansive one does not. Probably the best and the most effectual of expansive bullets which we have had in this country was that in the Mark IV. cartridge, where no foreign material was added to cause explosion, but a small hole was punched in the point of the bullet to prevent its being entirely innocuous. But then over this Sir Frederick Milner gets hopelessly wrong. He writes: "One kind of Dum-Dum bullet, known, I think, as Mark IV., is explosive to a certain extent, and has much

greater stopping power than an ordinary bullet." Mark IV., of course, is not a Dum-Dum bullet, but a Birmingham or Enfield bullet; it expands, but it does not explode, and it is a very good stopping bullet, which some of our officers, always intent on sport, have used with good effect on big game even during the present campaign.

Meanwhile, we have never concealed our opinion that while explosive bullets are contrary to the established laws of war, the talk against expanding bullets, so far as it is used by anyone who knows anything of the subject, partakes of the nature of sickly sentimentality. Nobody can read the records of this campaign without realising that these small calibre bullets, where they are not treated in some way, have not nearly enough stopping power to be effectual, and nobody can fail to be amused at the manner in which we strain at a gnat while we swallow a camel. One of the highest authorities in the kingdom, having expressed to us privately the opinion that, as a shooting bullet, Mark IV. is far and away the best that we have had in the '303, goes on to say "that the talk of a humane bullet is all nonsense, and that those who use lyddite shells really cannot be heard to say anything on the subject of bullets." Whether Mark IV. has been used on service in Africa or not we are unable to say, but we see no reason to doubt that it ought to be used if, as we presume is the case, the cases have been improved. For it was to the cases and to defective caps, not to the form of the bullet, that the accidents at Bisley were due.

Nowhere, perhaps, can we get more intelligent, more impartial, and on the whole more friendly, criticism of ourselves as a nation than in the foreign Embassies of London. It is interesting to know what their opinion of us is in regard to our conduct of the present war. All, of necessity, unite in praise of the good sense and tenacity of purpose shown by the nation when all looked black. With admiration that amounts to a vast astonishment they regard the felicity and the patriotic spirit with which we have virtually created, out of nothing, about half of the army now serving in Africa, and the power of organisation and transport that has put that great host where it is with all the necessaries of life supplied to it. So much on the credit side. They seem to be scarcely less astonished by the recklessness with which generals have marched troops against trenches lined with invulnerable foes armed with deadly weapons that they know how to use with deadly effect. This re klessness they attribute partly to the national character, which carries contempt of death to the verge of foolishness, and partly to our military manœuvres, in which we bring a force close up to an entrenched position, whereas continental nations would not have brought their troops within a thousand yards of it, except under cover. Either the Continent, say they, or your island, has been to show that it is the Continent that is at fault.

A most fascinating and ingenious article on siege gardens appears in the Spectator of March 17th. Its argument is roughly the following: During a siege, as has been shown conclusively at Kimberley, at Mafeking, and at Ladysmith, the lack of green vegetables involves the worst kind of suffering for the besieged. But owing to the vastly increased range of modern guns, the zone of ground between the besiegers and the besieged is at least twenty-fold greater in area than it used to be, and there is no doubt much value in the suggestion that it might well be used for catch-crops, especially of quick-growing cruciferous plants. The Spectator travels over a wide field in suggesting various crops that might be tried, and it lays wise emphasis on the fact that the productiveness of the cultivated area might be vastly increased by attention to the Gartonian system of seed selection, and by heavy manuring. The whole idea is fascinating, and ought by no means to be ridiculed. It is not quite new, for, as is pointed out, General Philippon did something of the kind at Badajoz; but it is capable of development. When men were paying 12s. a pound for potatoes at Ladysmith, they would gladly have risked a sortie for vegetables, and a few sacks of mustard and cress seed would have been priceless.

A correspondent writes: "The war has no doubt interfered with trade to a considerable extent, on the whole, but it has stimulated the inventive faculties of our leading men of business. Some of the items which many of our officers are taking to the front, or at any rate taking out with them, are really rather remarkable. Only last week a man showed me a most admirably appointed little valise made of crocodile skin and fitted with silver-mounted scent bottles, with several pairs of scissors, a dozen tooth brushes, seven razors, two razor-strops, and paste for same, innumerable squares of court plaster, several large packets of Sparklets, a box of 'pasta macks,' as he called them, hermetically sealed, and so forth. 'The whole thing fixes on behind your saddle,' he explained, 'and as long as a fellow has

that thing with him he can't well suffer from what I call "petry discomforts." But how long will he have 'that thing' with him after he has reached the front? Will he ever succeed in getting it as far as the front? Another young exquisite had paid about ten guineas for 'a capital contrivance for cutting up biltong, old man' Picture to yourself a small oat-crusher, or a large coffeegrinder, and you will know what the 'capital contrivance' is like. 'The shopman told me he had sold hundreds of them,' he added. Collapsible cups of many kinds; pocket knives containing a spoon, a fork, and a tin can opener; folding lanterns made of talc; little electric lamps; wire-clippers; wristoliers made to hold five or ten regulation cartridges; filters both large and small, both useful and useless; great jars packed to the brim with meat lozenges, 'each lozenge guaranteed to contain as much nutriment as a hearty meal'; plush-lined cases 'made to hold a dozen pipes, 200 cigars, 500 cigarettes, and 10lb. of tobacco, in the smallest compass possible,' these and fifty similar 'absolute necessaries,' as my friend termed them, are being sold by the hundred, probably by the thousand, to our plucky but unpractical brothers and cousins. One man who sailed in the Mexican and is due to reach the Cape to-day (Saturday, March 17th), has with him three rifles, seven revolvers, two Mauser pistols, and forty-seven suits of clothes—or at least he had all that, and much more, when he started. His last words to me were, 'If I can't get a billet, old man, I shall go for a trooper.' Is it surprising that so many foreigners deem us 'a crazy nation,' that even some Americans think that most Englishmen are 'right off their uppers'?"

Nobody defends the action which the Cambridge undergraduates took in celebrating Ladysmith day. At the same time, in all probability many of those who have written most severely concerning the Cambridge undergraduates are men who built bonfires themselves out of anything that was handy, Consule Planco. The writer of these notes has, certainly. It would, therefore, ill become him to be severe, and at the bottom of his heart he has a sneaking sympathy for the rowdy undergraduate. This much, at any rate, is certain—a riot of that kind, involving the commandeering of convenient articles of fuel, is not a morally heinous offence. Technically, the act of removal amounted to larceny, and the fact remains that a number of undergraduates of Cambridge have been convicted of felony, but fortunately the Home Secretary is a man of sense, and he has immediately granted to the youthful offenders that free pardon which was obviously desirable.

An effect of the wet February is that the supply of milk, owing to the forward condition of the pastures, is uncommonly good for this season of the year. The temptation to adulterate is, therefore, not great just now. All the same, it is to be hoped that the Board of Agriculture Committee will speedily arrive at a decision as to the standard. Just now each local authority fixes the minimum of butter fat and other solids for itself, so that great discrepancies exist between the various districts of London. It is no matter for wonder that even honest companies do not give more than is asked for. Suppose 2.7 is the proportion fixed, they arrive at it by adding separated milk, thus keeping within the letter of the law, though scarcely acting in its spirit. The standard fixed ought to be so high that the purchaser may obtain milk as good as if it came direct from a cow of average merit.

Since the essence of our climate is its sporadic character, we append to one faithful impression of the effect of February another, from another country: "Present appearances in the country all point to a late hay year; and in spite of the abundance of rain they do not point to a specially good hay year. The weather has been so cold that the young grass has not had much chance to start growing, and where any old stock of sheep has been kept on the land they must have fairly pulled the scanty heart out of the grass. Young stock will never pull the heart out of grass; they have not the teeth to do so, neither will a good mixed stock do harm to a pasture, for they bite it indifferently, and give back as good as they take. It is the old ewes, with the hungry little lambs at their sides, that bear the hardest on it, pulling it and cropping it so close with their strong old teeth. And the lambing season has been a good one, though late, so that there have been many of these hungry youngsters in the land."

The New Code issued by the Educational Department last week possesses a moribund interest, as on April 1st the department will give way to the new Board of Education. Among the matters the latter body is expected to deal with is agricultural education, for it is taking over certain powers from the Board of Agriculture. Altogether the board will have a wider scope than its predecessor. The department was founded in 1839 by Lord John Russell to look after the welfare of the Elementary Schools, and to that duty it has been practically confined. The board, however, will superintend all matters relating to education in England and Wales. It will have plenty of work if an attempt

be made to fuse and blend the broken up and divided sections into a truly rational system. The fact is now generally recognised that during the last twenty years England has not advanced in education equally with her continental rivals.

As we anticipated, the result of the International football match on Saturday last has been a case of "Eclipse," that is to say, Wales first, and the rest nowhere. The Irishmen made a far better fight against the Welshmen than either England or Scotland, and there were times at which their forwards seemed very dangerous, but the Welsh halves and three-quarters were simply unsurpassable. As has been stated before, this Cymric triumph is clearly due not only to the individual excellence of the players, but also to the fact that they have opportunities of seeing one another play and learning one another's methods far in excess of those of any other team. Meanwhile, it appears that Wales cannot play hockey to speak of, and that the Welsh ladies are no better than the Welshmen at that game. But that does not matter much.

Just at the close of the season for the "coarse" fisher rivers have run down into fishable order. Happily for him he is not quite as dependent on the colour of the water as the angler for the "game" fish. The most notable record in the fishing line that we heard of lately was the finding of an 8lb trout left high and dry by the floods of the Sussex Ouse, in the Barcombe Mills district. Why did he not meet his end on a small hook with a fine cast instead of being thus unkindly stranded by his native element? But it is seldom after all that trout of this weight give half the play of fish half their size.

We cannot remember a recent year in which the birds have been as late in their nesting business as this season. Even now, in the middle of March, there is not a young bird, not even a young robin, to be seen, and many seem to be only just beginning preparations for making a home. Of course, the reason is obvious in the coldness of the spring; but what is a little singular is that while young birds, and also, we may notice, lambs, have been so late in making an appearance, both rabbits and hares seem to have been abnormally early. We hear of a good deal of disease among the rabbits, and the season does not seem likely to be a good one for them.

The Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords will shortly be called upon to investigate a very romantic story, in which one John Gordon, at present a schoolmaster, claims that he is entitled to be Viscount Kenmure. Mr. Gordon claims descent from John Gordon, who was a brother of the Viscount Kenmure who was beheaded on Tower Hill after the Rebellion of 1715; and the pleadings allege that the widow of the beheaded peer, after marrying her footman, attempted the life of the original John Gordon in various ways, including an attempt to burn the castle, the employment of bravos, and poison. On the whole a very interesting story seems likely to be unfolded.

There is pleasant evidence of the increased love of country life in the constantly increasing appreciation of the works of the Barbizon school—the landscapes and country scenes of Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, and the rest of them. At a late sale in Paris of a collection of this school's pictures prices in almost every case passed the estimated value placed on them. The highest sum was bid for a picture by Dupré, rather to the general surprise, where Corots and Rousseaus were in competition with the rest. It was a small work of date 1836, called "L'Abreuvoir," of cattle and horses drinking at a pond, with a farmer's boy in charge of them. It was bought by M. Guyotin for 48,000 francs. A small Corot, "Le Chemin du Village," went for 33,000 francs; a much larger Diaz, "Le Mare au Forêt," for 37,000 francs, and so on. All good prices.

There is really no end to the misfortunes of Oxford. They were bad enough in all conscience when the article which appears in another part of the paper was written. They were far worse by the time that article had been "locked up" and placed beyond alteration. By that time Mr. Dutton, the spare man, and Mr. Thornhill were both placed hors de combat, and the betting, usually a trustworthy guide (although it was hopelessly wrong on a memorable occasion), was 7 to 2 on Cambridge. It could hardly have been otherwise, for the position was that Oxford had lost four men out of an indifferent eight, and that is too cruel.

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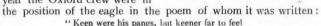
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Our Portrait Illustration.

RS. CUST is the daughter of the late Sir William Earle Welby-Gregory. She was married to Mr. Harry Cust, who is Lord Brownlow's heir, in 1893.

UNIVERSITY CREWS. THE

I is almost a commonplace of comment that the war has destroyed interest in the forthcoming University Boat Race, but the statement, like a good many others made by the irresponsible journalist, is far too sweeping. When the tide serves on a good afternoon you may still see a very considerable number of spectators on the towing-path alongside Putney Reach and on the balconies of the club-houses. But, if the war has not destroyed the popular interest, T is almost a commondestroyed the popular interest, it and the shocking bad luck of Oxford have gone a long way to destroy the Dark Blue crew. If all had gone right, the Boat Race of 1900 promised to possess features of singular and exceptional interest. Last year the Oxford crew were in



"Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel His was the pinion that impelled the steel." In the spirit of true sportsmanship, Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher, one

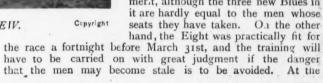


SOME OF THE OXFORD MEN.

Bridge with a nice little lead. That, if it could have happened, would have been a grand triumph for Mr. Fletcher. But he has other work to do, and it is of more noble quality. To coach the Oxford Eight is fine; to fight for the Queen and for freedom is far finer. But it was a sad misfortune for the Oxford crew that Mr. Fletcher should have been called away, and the rain of calmitted having begun.

should have been called away, and the rain of calamity, having begun, was not satisfied until it had poured. First, Mr. Hales went; then, just before the migration to Putney, Mr. F. W. Warre fell a victim to a mild attack of scarlet fever. He was the president of the club, he was the mainstay of the boat, and he bore a name which was in itself a guarantee. mainstay of the boat, and he bore a name which was in itself a guarantee of oarsmanship. As a Grace, or a Lyttelton, or a Lubbock has cricket in his veins, so a Warre is born an oarsman. It was cruelly ill-luck, and there is nothing more to be said about it. about it.

Meanwhile, at the moment of writing there is still a considerable time before Mr. McLean, who is also among the best of coaches, in which among the best of coaches, in which to bring his men into shape, and he would be a rash man who should prophesy the issue now. The Cambridge crew is of a high order of mer.t, although the three new Blues in it or hearth, said to the world the state of the state of





MR. McLEAN TUBBING TWO OF THE CREW.

of the finest oarsmen and the most judicious coaches who ever wore a Dark Blue cap, had migrated to the banks of the Cam, and, with infinite patience, had taken the Light Blue Eight in hand, and had turned the men into a first-rate crew.

The whole of the sporting and dai'y Press, which for some occult reason is always strongly prejudiced in favour of Cambridge, rejoiced with one accord that the series of Oxford victories, which threatened to be endless, was threatened to be endless, was turned, and the vast majority of Oxford men past and present said, at one time or another, that they hoped Cambridge would have a turn at last. All the same, when the great day came most of them at the bottom of their hearts would have preferred. hearts would have preferred to see a good race—and another result. And this year they would have liked to an Oxford crew, trained by the same Mr. Fletcher, Fletcher redux in fact, shoot Barnes

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OXFORD IMPROVING ON TIDAL WATER.

present moment the Cam-bridge Eight could row the down, and row Oxonians away from them too, there are yet many days before the race. As for t Oxford Eight, it is full As for the faults, but they are of the curable kind, and each of their carly days on the tideway was an improvement on the one which preceded. Mr. McLean, in fact, has some fine material at his disposal, and he may be trusted to make the best possible use of it. One of his heavy-weights, Lord Grimston, is an oarsman of the water. The other, Mr. Kittermaster, who also hails from Christ Church, and weighs nearly 141st., stands in need a lot of coaching; and stroke, Mr. Rowley, of Magdalen, leaves

a good deal to be desired. Still, we shall be surprised if, when the fatal day comes, the race does not turn out to be a good one. One house, at any rate, will welcome the result whatever it may be, for the Etherington-Smiths hold the same happy position which once belonged to the Pitmans, than whom there were never better oarsmen. Mr. T. B. Etherington-Smith, of Oriel, is bow of the Oxford Eight, Mr. R. B. Etherington-Smith, of First Trinity, is five in the Light Blue ship; and it would be rather interesting to know the predilections of their sisters and their cousins and their aunts.



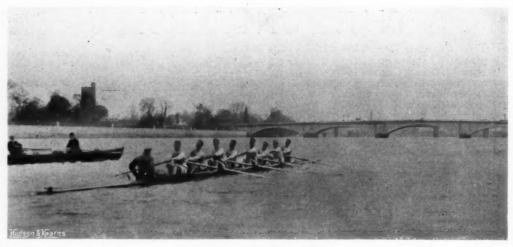
THE sixteenth annual show of the Hunters' Improvement Society, associated once more with the Royal Commission on Horse-breeding, was held last week at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, the attractions being augmented by an exhibition of polo ponies, arranged by the Polo Pony Society, which, so are as the outside public went, proved to be far the most popular feature of the gathering. One reason for this being the case is probably that the restricted dimensions of the judging ring at the Agricultural Hall adapt themselves better to a pony than a hunter show, for the smaller animals can turn and move in a space which is unsuited to the stride of a 16h, horse; whilst in the second place the Bending Race was enjoyed to an extent by the spectators that is impossible in a large arena where the animals are so far away from the stands as to be imperfectly seen. Most certainly, therefore, are the members of



ohot.

"GOOD OLD TIMS!"

the Polo Pony Society to be congratulated upon the immense success which has attended their first London show; but it is nevertheless to be hoped that arrangements may be made another year for holding the meeting at some other date than the last two days of the Thorough-bred and Hunter Show, when the public are satiated with the sight of horses. Regarding the quality of the competitors it is impossible to write too favourably; such ponies as Sir Walter Gilbey's champion stallion Rosewater, by the late Sir Joseph Hawley's old favourite Rosicrucian, and his son, Lord Polo, the latter being the winner in the



CAMBRIDGE AT WORK. Copyright

13h. 2in. class, were alone worth a visit to Islington to see, whilst a really good youngster is M1s. Darrell's four year old chestnut Gownboy, by Montezuma. In the mares, Mr. John Barker, J.P., had matters pretty well his own way, as he took the championship with the beautifully-made Lightning, who did not quite do her nice action full justice; whilst he swept the board in yearlings, his winner, Summer Lightning, out of the champion mare, being a charming filly, and took first in the two year olds with Lady Polo. The riding classes, too, were excellent, Mr. Tresham Gilbey securing the championship easily with his charming Early Dawn, who added completeness to this victory by winning the Bending Race with her owner up, her stable companion, the bay Spinster, getting into the last four.

So far as the hunter stallions went, it may be suggested that if they were not a better, they were not a much worse, lot than in former years. As is usually the case, the horses entered as travelling Scotland were a very moderate lot, the most notable exceptions being Swillington, by Hermit, who did Mr. James Lowther some good turns on the Turf, and the Aberdeenshire-bred Crême de la Crême, by Balmoral, a 16h. 1in. dark bay of beautiful quality. So bad, indeed, were the classes representing Ayrshire and Ross-shire that the judges failed to see their way to award any premiums in them, and consequently Radius, by Hampton, and Dry Toast, by George Frederick, were brought up from their own classes to receive the awards on the condition that their respective owners send them up to the two counties in question for the coming season. The soundness of the competitors was satisfactory, as only nine of those examined by the veterinary inspectors—some seventy in number—were unable to survive the ordeal; although this may at first sight appear a rather large average, it must be remembered that many of the animals whose owners agree to accept the low service fee insisted upon by the Royal Commissioners are old horses who

oyal Commissioners are out notices who have experienced a good deal of knocking about on the Turf and between the flags durin; their racing careers. Perhaps the nicest all-round horse which obtained a premium at the show was Mr. W. Chatterton's Anklebiter, by Highland Chief, dam a Gladiateur mare, whose name will be remembered with kindly feelings by many who trusted their money to him when he was on the Turf; whilst other prominent premium winners were Mr. J. G. Bulteel's Fetlar, by Retreat, dam a Doncaster mare; Mr. A. O. Haslewood's French-bred Imprevu, by Archiduc, dam by that beautiful horse Mortimer; Mr. J. F. Rees' Pantaloon, by Zealot, dam by Macaroni; Mr. P. Steel's Hale, by Bendigo, dam by Hermit; and Mr. W. Parkin-Moore's Belville, by Hampton, dam by Caterer.

The array of hunters both old and young was very interesting indeed, the sensation of this show being Mr. O. N. Holt-Needham's yearling filly Chorus Girl, by Pantomime, a wonder for her age, for she

The array of hunters both old and young was very interesting indeed, the sensation of this show being Mr. O. N. Holt-Needham's yearling filly Chorus Girl, by Pantomime, a wonder for her age, for she is good all over and bigger than many a well-grown two year old. Her own sister and stable companion, Dancing Girl, who occupied her position last year, was this time at the head of the two year old class, and between them the pair accounted for the young mare cup and the reserve for the same. There was some difference of opinion expressed as regards the correctness of the award which placed Mr. Darrell's nameless bay by Knight of Ruby over Mr. Holt-Needham's Killarney, by Yard Arm, in the three year old fillies, the latter as the winning two year old of

Yard Arm, in the three year old fillies, the latter as the winning two year old of last year having come up with a great reputation, but they are a charming pair of youngsters, and it is no disgrace to one to be defeated by the other. The best of the yearling colts or geidings was no doubt the winner, Mr. J. Barker's March Wind, by Whisperer, but in the two year olds not a few of those present preferred Mr. G. P. Finch's Planet, a clean-bred colt, son of Eclipse, to the first prize gelding Captain Kidd, exhibited by Mr. J. Wynford Philipps, Mr. A. J. Brown winning in the three year olds with the fine-shouldered, powerful Richard II.

Light-weight four year old mares and geldings in saddle were just a nice class, but nothing like so good as the mildle-weights, which included amongst their number Messrs. Warde's The Knight, by Ricotto, who subsequently took the championship of this section of the show from the winner in the heavy-weights, Mr. C. E. Clarke's Raby, who occupied the position last year. The Knight is a very good-looking bay, and a superb mover, his liberty being remarkable, and no doubt he has a great future before him in the show-ring.

Perhaps the least written about the chargers and their judging the better, as the process of awarding the prizes was a most tedious operation, and several of the awards were a good deal criticised. These classes, indeed, were the one weak feature of the show, and if the question of gate-money is one which the Royal Commissioners, the Hunter Society, or the polo men condescend to study in connection with their allied exhibitions, it will certainly be surpri ing if, after the experiences of Thursday, the chargers are not relegated to a position at the end of the catalogue another year.

end of the catalogue another year.



HE removal of Mr. Nutt from his well-known establishment in the Strand, to make room for County Council improvements, is necessary, no doubt, but a cause for some sentimental regret. Of course, the traditions of the Strand house will be transplanted bodily to what *Literature* traditions of the Strand house will be transplanted bodily to what Literature—yes, Literature—calls "more commodious premises," in Long Acre. In passing, let me say that a more hideous phrase it is almost impossible to conceive, and that it is a particularly outrage ous one to apply to anything concerned with Mr. Nutt, who is a bookseller and publisher of remarkably elegant taste. Let "commodious" pass. It is a painfully commercial synonym for comfortable, and on much the same level as "purdonium" for coal-scuttle. But "premises" is simply hopelessly wrong. Surely, even though Mr. Traill has gone, "there are still some few remaining" who remember that houses are not premises until they have been described in the earlier part of a document, and that premises may be anything rather than houses. We looked to Literature to preserve the pure well of English undefiled. It is very sad. may be anything rather than houses. We looked to Literature to preserve the pure well of English undefiled. It is very sad.

I have never passed that quiet house in the Strand without a passing

I have never passed that quiet house in the Strand without a passing thought upon the amount of really sound literature which has come out of it. Much of it was, of course, pretty dry. One would not have recommended the Classical Review, for example, for light reading. But it was by no means all of that kind, for Mr. Alfred Nutt has a remarkably keen eye for sound and graceful work on open-air subjects. One of them, with a title something like "Wild Animals I Have Known," I remember in particular. It is a book with a history. A review of another book published by Mr. Nutt had appeared in COUNTRY LIFE. Mr. Nutt thereupon wrote a very charming letter to the unknown reviewer, and with it sent another book of rare excellence, which, the reviewer gathered, had not been entirely successful. The reviewer has lent that book to many friends of approved taste, but he has lent it once too often. Each year produces its crop of books of this kind, which fail, or at any rate do not achieve the success which they merit by virtue of their charm and their workmanship. Another book of the same kind, or rather which met with the same fate, was Mr. Ollivant's "Owd Bob."

That also I have recommended to many friends, and they have hailed it

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That also I have recommended to many friends, and they have hailed it with delight, one and all. Whether I shall ever see it again depends partly on the Boers, for the borrower is in South Africa. Meanwhile it may be interesting to note that but for the cruel irony of fate there would have been no "Owd Bob," and Mr. O livant would probably be in South Africa. His is one of the saddest stories. He had actually obtained his commission, and was trying on his uniform with all the honest pride of a young and ardent soldier, when a latent uniform with all the honest pride of a young and ardent soldier, when a latent defect in his spine was suddeally discovered. He was therefore condemned to a life not merely sedentary but supine. Now "Owd Bob" is the very embodiment of the spirit of the open air, and it is impossible to conceive anything sadder than the position of a spirited young fellow suddenly crippled pouring out into words the delights of past days in the rain and the sun. Mr. Ollivant has, however, as I learn privately, made considerable progress towards recovery.

As I anticipated, the verdict of the jury in Vizetelly v. Mudie has excited a good deal of interest, and it is earnestly to be hoped that Messrs. Mudie will be able to take the case higher. The strange thing is that, according to Literature, the verdict and the judge's direction to the jury are in direct conflict with a judgment delivered by Mr. Justice Wills in an action brought by that clever and curious person Mrs. Weldon, and if that judgment was cited it is almost inconceivable why it was not followed. How anybody could sympathise with the plaintiff it is difficult to imagine.

The fact of the matter is that there are many absurdities alout the law of libel. For example, it is rather ridiculous in these days, when the businesses

libel. For example, it is rather ridiculous in these days, when the businesses of printers, publishers, and booksellers are almost always distinct, and when printing houses are on a huge scale, that the printer should be the person, or a person, liable to prosecution. That publisher and author should be shot for libel is fair enough. When there is a real libel the author is the person libel. who ought to suffer, but the author is too often what the unkind lawyer describes

Net prices for books are so obviously desirable in the interests of plain dealing and even of common honesty, that every book buyer will earnestly hope that the announcement that real progress in that direction is not too sanguine. It is always an annoyance, when one is buying a book, to have to remember that 6s. means 4s. 6d. in one establishment, 5s. in another, and 6s. in another. But I am not sure that the innate conservatism of trade customs will not beat the reformer again. When you come to analyse the present system it is plain that it cannot be swept away without a great deal of complicated rearrangement and readjustment. The real price of a 6s. book at the present moment is 4s. 6d. But certain sellers of books, upon various pretexts, of which some are substantial and other services. But certain sellers of books, upon various pretexts, of which some are sub-summar and others quite the reverse, contrive to get 5s. and even 6s. Under the new system those sellers would have either to forego part of their profits, which in the case of some of the small fry would spell bankruptcy, or to charge boldly a sum greater than the advertised price. Then the public would rebel, and the result for the little men would be much the same. And it would be a pity, for

the old-fashioned bookseller who knew his books as well as his business was a centre of culture and he was worth a little extra.

I have not seen yet "The Dean of Darrendale," a new novel by "Wynton Eversley"; but it opens an interesting idea. It begins, says the Academy, with the modest notice: "Since the author's name happens to be that of a novelist of world-wide reputation, he sets aside his conviction that an author should sign his work with his own name, and adopts the nom de plume of Wynton Eversley." The Academy is unkind enough to append the dedication:

"To all in perplexity, doubt, or sorrow, especially to the heart of Youth oppressed by the inequalities of life, the strenuous yearning after Truth, the sense, above all, of failure in noble effort, and the anguish of forbidden love; to the student, the wife, the priest, the operative, the social enthusiast, to all human elements in this confused epoch, I dedicate this book; not, indeed, flattering myself that it can solve problems, or by any magic anticipate God's appointed angel Time; but believing it to hold in solution the more necessary qualities of endurance, serenity, and hope."

the more necessary qualities of endurance, serenity, and hope."

Well, "Wynton Eversley" need not have gone to all this trouble. He or
she might be named Thackeray, Dickens, Ward, Brontë, or what you will,
and there would have been no deception. But there may be other reasons
than the fear of deceiving for refusing to sign. Meanwhile, how pleasant it
would be for all, save the critics, if a few really good writers would amuse
themselves, as Mr. Grant Allen did, by writing under many pseudonyms. Also
how hard it is not to be able to use one's own name. I have even known it to be

how hard it is not to be able to use one's own name. I have even known it to be criminal to do so, and I once desended a prisoner who practically got penal servitude for using his own name. It was also that of a well-known and popular actor.

On Wednesday next, March 28th, the Ladies' Field will publish its first special number for 1900, which will contain an illustrated collection of the latest fashions. All the usual attractive seatures will be included, also the continuation of the brilliant and deeply interesting story "Robert Orange," by "John Oliver Hobbes." Among special seatures will be the Queen at Woulwich; "Women and War," by Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon; Mrs. Berner's kennels of bulldogs; animal stories by Mrs. Dew Smith; and the whole will be in a beautiful cover. beautiful cover.

Books to order from the library :-

Books to order from the library:—

"Memoirs and Impressions, 1831-1900." Hon. G. C. Brodrick. (Nisbet.)

"Without the Limelight." G. R. Sims. (Chatto and Windus.)

"A Maker of Nations." Guy Boothby. (Ward, Lock.)

"The Symbolist Movement in Literature." Arthur Symons. (Heinemann.)

"The Art and Practice of Hawking." E. B. Michell. (Methuen.)

"The Kiss of Isis" and "The Mystery of Castlebourne." Captain A. Haggard. (Hurst and Blackett.)



N common with a good many other hunting men who are interested in horse-breeding, the Hunters' Improvement Society's Show at Islington claimed a good deal of my time last week. It was a very good show, and the quality of breeding, the Hunters' Improvement Society's Show at Islington claimed a good deal of my time last week. It was a very good show, and the quality of the young classes showed that we have some good horses coming on. Indeed, the supply of promising hunters thought by their owners, and rightly so, to have a chance at the show, speaks well for the horse supply of the country. These colts and fillies are picked ones, but it would not be too much to say that for every one of these candidates for a prize many a stout colt likely to make a good hack, hunter, or useful remount is bred every year. One of our sporting papers exhorts the Government to encourage horse-treeding by the establishment of Government studs. This might or might not answer, but what I would earnestly suggest is, that hunting men should put some pressure on the War Office through their county members not to discourage horse-breeders. Let me give two instances. A friend of my own, a well-known judge at first-class shows, a farmer and hunting man, collected a number of horses for remounts. Down came the officer, and as soon as he was ready to begin the War Office telegraphed to him only to buy Hussar horses, so that very few were purchased. Four of these came back after a month, having been paid for, with a curt note to say they were not suitable. Of course this could not be accepted, and eventually the four horses took another long and expensive journey at the cost of the nation. One more instance. After receiving some enquiries, a man of some influence wrote to say he could find a certain number of suitable horses. The reply was a curt note to say "that the War Office required no civilian help." As a result, a good many of us intend at the general election to make our votes for the sitting county member conditional on a searching enquiry and reforms in the War Office, and especially in the remount department. It is not to be borne that, after recent exhibitions of incapacity, we should be snubbed while they buy unsuitable foreign horses, and neglect

the other day called the Treining department a coasy disconlagement to horse-breeders," and it was about right.

The week from March 3rd to 9th was, as I pointed out, a wonderful one for sport everywhere. Since then scent has been nothing remarkable. It was naturally with a good deal of expectation that we went to Brooksby. But accordance with the experience of other hunts, as gathered by hearsay on the way to covert, scent was decidedly catchy. The best run of the week seems to have been the Belvoir ring on Wednesday from Burbidge's Covert. It was Dick Christian who said that that covert was planted to give the Belvoir a gallop over the Quorn and Cottesmore countries. At all events it fulfilled its purpose on this occasion, and caused men once more to bless the name of the stout old yeoman and sportsman who planted it. Last week I described a gallop over the Burton Flats, and this run was apparently as good, though it was marred by an accident to a very well-known follower. To an enquiry as to the doings of Mr. Fernie on Thursday, the answer was plenty of foxes, some fun, but nothing to tell—too much wind to be quite enjoyable. By the time that all this information had been picked up, we had heard hounds blown away from

the spinnies and were approaching Cream Gorse, beloved of the great Meynell and his followers. The time for talking was over, and strict attention to business was the order of the day. What is that—a holloa? An outlier springs up out of the hedge. Now look for one of the tests of a pack. The question is how soon will they settle down? Some packs get their heads up, flash over the scent at every turn, and end by losing their fox within ten minutes. But the Quorn settled down almost at once, and the fox lost the inestimable advantage of being found in a flurry and lost at leisure. How do some people get to hounds so quickly? There, galloping along close to the pack, but giving them room, were a well-known heavy-weight M.F.H. and one of the most resolute of the Quorn Dianas. But the competition was pretty close, for though the field was not large, yet it was made up of those who, like Assheton Smith, "love to be with them when they run." The fox's course was two sides of an acute-angled triangle. He ran vertage the ded (possibly), here he turned back, and took a straight course for Thorpe Trussels, ignoring Ashby Pastures on his right. From this covert the fox was not destined to go alive. Not a great run either as to pace or point, but over a good line, and it was pleasant to find oneself galloping more on the top of the ground. the spinnies and were approaching Cream Gorse, beloved of the great Meynell ground.

Two more countries have found Masters. Mr. F. Swindell, who has had the Puckeridge and the O'd Berkshire, takes the Taunton Vale; and Mr. Percy Browne will again hunt the South and West Wilts when he returns from South Africa. Mr. A. Foster, however, gives up the South Herefordshire. I am glad to hear that Lord Willoughby de Broke has rallied from his illness, and that the hounds are hunting again. There are rumours about the Hambledon coun'ry being vacant, but nothing certain has reached me.

THE PAST . SHOOTING SEASON.

THE red deer takes pride of place as the most coveted of all the wild creatures in the British Isles. The day-dreams of the young deer-stalker when he makes his first visit to Paton or Watson Lyall, in London, stalker when he makes his first visit to Paton or Watson Lyall, in London, or to Speedy, in Edinburgh, would form an exceedingly amusing contrast, in a season like the past, to the realised sport if the two could be truthfully written. The young shooter who is ready with a cheque of a couple of thousand or so for the year's tenancy of a forest (limited to the number of stags to be killed), especially if he imagines that he is following the class of sportsmen known as duffers, may be imagined to go North in the temper of the soldier in Shakespeare's "Seven Ages." The forester who meets him first after the agreement has been duly signed, and while the imagination of grand spreading royal and imperial trophics still uppermost. may possibly impart the unpleasant information that the forest signed, and while the imagination of grand spreading royal and imperial tropines is still uppermost, may possibly impart the unpleasant information that the forest has no good heads "the year." How true this was in the past season the sanguine sportsman prol ably only learnt after many a patient day on the hill; for it is hard to believe that a forester, whose manners as a rule suggest a laziness that does not exist, has traversed every hill and corrie in the forest, and knows every beast by sight. He does not; nor does he pretend to know the thousands of unshootable beasts, hinds, and calves. But he has his glass, and he knows a dozen points in the forest whence, sooner or later, as the summer merges into early autumn, he can make pretty sure of bringing every sizable stag into view. But even if our shooter has learnt so much of the forester's life and habits as to know that he will never throw cold water on enthusiasm if it can be helped, yet even then "hope springs eternal" in the young shooter, and he will imagine all sorts of good beasts with grand branching antlers crossing his beat from other forests, and affording the coveted chance of obtaining the head of the season; all the more to be appreciated, if it does come, from the extra element of wildness associated with the killing of a stranger, one that may be gone with nightfall. This year all these bright hopes were shattered; every forest yielded badly, and there associated with the killing of a stranger, one that may be gone with nightfall. This year all these bright hopes were shattered; every forest yielded badly, and there were no great stags to stray from or to anywhere. Luckily for sport, nobody knew this until the end of the season; luckily, because half the pleasure of stalking—nay, nine-tenths of it—is in the delight of anticipation. The stalker is well aware how stags move about from one forest to another; he remembers that even Lord Burton's 20-pointer was killed upon sheep ground, so that hope is never absolutely killed until Macleay issues his list of heads for the season, telling, as it did this year, that in all Scotland there were but three imperials of 14 points that came to his notice. There were less than three that went elsewhere to be set up, I believe, and yet it is probable that the rental value of all the forests in Scotland exceeds, by a good deal, £100,000. It seems a good bit to pay as long as there is an elephant or koodoo to be had for the shooting in Africa. It is wonderful, but so it is, that the stalker and the big game hunter classes his sport by the approach towards record breaking of his trophy. The hind shooter hardly exists outside the forester class; and yet if difficulty and skill measured sportsmanship in popular estimation, hind shooting would rank quite as high as stalking the stag. Ireland, as generally happens, had the record stag this year. A beast of 30st. 10lb. clean and 14 points fell in Muckross Forest to Mr. Ralph Sneyd. If occasionally Scotland had such deer it would send up rents by 50 per cent., and if such heads as those Carpathian 18-pointers of which Prince Denidoff writes were to be had in Scotland once in a dozen years, the forests would be scrambled for at an advance of 100 per cent, and if such heads as those Carpathian 18-pointers of which Prince Denidoff writes were to be had in Scotland once in a dozen years, the forests would be scrambled for at an advance of 100 per cent. at the very least. Park deer have been tried to improve the breed of Scotch red deer, but the results are only favourable in favoured places, where the feeding is extra good or the winter forage is plentiful. It is becoming to be recognised that Scotch red deer are the size they are because the poverty of the soil will not carry larger beasts of the same breed. The cross with the wapiti has been tried, but it has proved a failure. The result has been red deer without the heads, and wapiti without the size. But the cross-breds are fertile, in spite of the many failures to make them breed; now they have bred it is found that the experiment was merely interesting as such, and that the offspring are undesirable. But the Caucasian them breed; now the have bred it is found that the experiment was merely interesting as such, and that the offspring are undesirable. But the Caucasian stag has not, as far as we know, been tried, and as he lives at a height above sea-level that makes mole hills, by comparison, of the Scotch mountains, he might succeed. Still we cannot predict 40st. 20-pointers with the retention of the ideal wildness that appeals to the sporting interest. If anyone can, now or in the future, tell us the possibilities of the Caucasian red deer for the cross it will be the Duke and Duchess of Bedford.

Next to red deer grouse hold the attention of sportsmen. Partridges are

growing into popularity very fast, but they can never be quite what the grouse is to the shooter. It has come to be admitted that you must drive partridges or not have many; but that does not apply to the grouse. They are as good for the drive as any partridges, but in some parts of the North and West of Scotland they will still sit to the dog's point until late in the season, and partridges will not do that, except in those wild districts where there is little game and much vermin, and where partridges are more fearful of the falcon than of the man and his dogs.

vermin, and where partridges are more tearned of the factor than to the his dogs.

The past very good grouse year in Scotland produced, nevertheless, no record bags. It will require another good year to bring up the stock to that point when records are possible. The biggest bag of grouse I heard of, made over dogs in one day, was 195 brace, by Sir John Austin, but this was done by shooting in two parties, and the record day for one gun is 222½ brace, made some years ago. It is a regular practice now for driving to follow the dogs on those moors where the latter are still possible assistants to sport. It is hardly to be wondered at that this double toll, that the grouse pay, should not result, as driving has in England, in increasing the stock of game. Although it has been shown that driving, and driving only, can be made to increase the stock of the s been shown that driving, and driving only, can be made to increase the stock of Highland grouse, as at Moy and other driving moors, yet it is obvious, from the experience of those places that have best succeeded, that Scotch moors can never carry the stock that English moors do carry. The reason is obvious—the heather is not so good, and it is much more heavily stocked with sheep. There were no heavy driving bags either in Scotland during the season which ended in December. There almost always are heavy bags in England, and this year was no exception, but England did not approach its best as nearly as Scotland did, and the (1893) Broomhead bag of 2,648 grouse is still a long way the best day on record; and when we come to the year's work, there has been nothing at a 1 on record; and when we come to the year's work, there has been nothing at a like the 17,064 grouse on the 12,000 acres of Wemmergill got by the late Sir F. Milbank in 1872. In its review of the grouse shooting season, the Field managed to leave out the best bags, and 141 brace at Clora in Aberdeenshire was its highest record for four guns over dogs. Coming to England, the best day at Bolton Abbey was 296 brace, the best at Dallowgill 248 brace, the best at Askrigg, for Captain Vyner, who shoots, or did shoot, with cartridges specially manufactured in his racing colours, 610 brace in two days. Partridges, the most common of our game birds, nevertheless, are the most difficult to increase materially in numbers by means of keepering. Pheasants are a mere question of the expenditure of much money and a little common-sense. But partridges, which afford the poor man's sport, have every hand and every pot-hunter against them. I see that there is an outcry against the stealing of partridges' eggs, and it is recommended to form associations for the

stealing of partridges' eggs, and it is recommended to form associations for the purpose of putting down the evil practice. The paper which has oracularly uttered this advice ought to be in a position to do more to suppress the stealing of partridges' eggs than any association. All that is wanted is knowledge, and that is supposed to belong to the Press. Partridge rearing by hand has been tried on nearly all belong to the Press. Partridge rearing by hand has been tried on nearly all the big preserving estates as long as thirty years ago, and the result has been that all of them have given it up long ago. The new uninformed generation may buy eggs, but inform it, and the demand ceases or dwindles to small proportions. No bird is more easy to rear by hand than the partridge, but no bird is so little satisfactory when he is reared. It does not matter how they are divided when with their foster-mothers in the hen coops, they are sure afterwards to get together in one or two large packs, and these when disturbed, after being shot at, are as likely to stop in the next county as in the next parish. I shall have more to say—with the Editor's permission—on that subject as the eage. shot at, are as likely to stop in the next county as in the next parish. I shall have more to say—with the Editor's permission—on that subject as the egg season approaches. But it may be asked, "How then can you preserve partridges?" You can fill up the wild nests with eggs found in dangerous places, the owners of which latter will lay again, probably in better localities. A hen partridge usually lays about fourteen eggs, and she can cover eighteen or more. That is the only use that can, with much advantage, be made of partridges' eggs; if the demand were limited to this it would not be great, as the property of the county o every keeper is sure to have a lot of eggs of his own to dispose of. Go keepering against egg stealers and against vermin is the first great want of partridge manor.

The second, and equally important, is the killing down of the old birds. A pair of old partridges require as much space as a pair of old swans, and drive off the young birds. Young birds are fighters also, but they are content with much less holy ground in the neighbourhood of their nests. They do not give in to one another, but they depart readily at the forcible request of older birds. It is not always difficult to select the old birds in a September drive. I do not know that there is much force in the statement that the old birds come first and therefore are shot when the system is driving; but, of course, the old barren birds that live in pairs do get killed; they come together

in the exact numbers that the sportsman can best manage.

Possibly the most successful game-keeping of partridges that has been done has been the cause of Mr. A. Blyth's record days in two consecutive years, has been the cause of Mr. A. Blyth's record days in two consecutive years, and, be it remembered, about the two worst consecutive seasons on record. In 1898 his best day was 1,067 partridges for seven guns. In 1899 he again had the record day, this time 1,021 birds; but, of course, these are not nearly as big days as we have known elsewhere and in other years; but the latter, at least, is most extraordinary, for out of the 1,021 putridges 497 were old birds. That it should be possible enywhere or under any circumstances to kill 1,021 partridges when half the birds on the estate were old ones is what startles. It shows what an enormous number of paired birds will under some circumstances live on good ground in almost close contact. The great secret is to make them live together in such contentment. The method adopted on the estate in question is driving one day only over the ground each year. The is to make them live together in such contentment. The method adopted on the estate in question is driving one day only over the ground each year. The bags show how severe the shooting is on the single day, and to anyone who knows the nature of paired partridges it is clear that the old birds must be pretty well killed off there. Mr. Arthur Blyth on one occasion told the writer that he had in the breeding season counted forty pairs of birds in a single 80-acre wheat-field. About five pairs of old birds would want all that eighty acres for their own special domestic arrangements. The season generally was restrictly for some places had really acred stock in fort, in Fest acres for their own special domestic arrangements. The season generally was partial, for some places had really a good stock; in fact, in 1898 there was also a wonderful stock in one district, viz., Aberdeenshire. The war has saved the partridges, and the gunmakers have for two years running had to cry out that nobody wanted cartridges for the partridge shooting.

Woodcocks, snipe, hares, and black game I have omitted to mention for

Woodcocks, snipe, nares, and olack game I have omitted to mention for want of space. Nor have I alluded to the Emperor's visit—the Emperor who kills 100 pigs in a day, and who has just honoured Mr. Charles Lancaster with a Royal Warrant of Appointment. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and Prince Christian have lately followed the example of Her Majesty the Queen, and have also given Warrants of Appointment to Mr. Lancaster.

ARGUS OLIVE



EAVE has been practically stopped for officers since the Boer War became serious. Consequently, except for the visits of civilians to the happy hunting grounds of Kashmir, that sportsman's paradise will enjoy a respite from visitors from below. "Below" in this case must be taken literally, for they come from the plains, and the upward migration to the high and lovely valley, and to the slopes of the mountains beyond, would be worth the time and trouble for

of the mountains beyond, and trouble for the sake of health and change, even if sport were not thrown in.

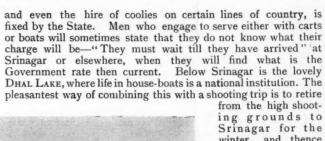
The country has been sadly "over-shot." Of that there is no doubt. It is necessary to push on to far Ladak or Baltistan to make anything like a bag. On the other hand, though Kashmir is an independent State, the Government have organised travel, and in some degree facilitated sport, so that the new comer to the valley of roses finds things, in a measure, ready to his hand. Even if three months can be spent there it is well worth the trouble and

money. Moreover, in Kashmir and in the further hunting grounds living is both cheap and good, and the cost of servants moderate which is more than can be said for many inferior

sporting quarters nearer home.

The headquarters, and second starting point of every sportsman, will naturally be Srinagar, the capital. If Thomas Moore rather drew on his imagination for the description of that vale "where the nighting large sportsman," where the nighting large sportsman will be said to be said to many fine to the sport of the said to be said to have a sport of the said to be said to have a sport of the said to be said to have a sport of the said to be said to have a sport of the said to have a said to have a sport of the said to have a s

gales sing by the calm Bendemeer," no one can fail to enjoy its beauties; and the charming mixture of river life -"half Nile boat, half Italian lake without the hotels"is always open to those who care to take a rest from the serious search for game in the distant "nalas." A special officer appointed by the Government sees to the wants of visitors to Srinagar, and a Government pamphlet, issued from time to time, gives all the latest information as to prices and routes. The price of boats,



from the high shooting grounds to Srinagar for the winter, and thence to hire a boat for a cruise on the lake and rivers. rivers. You can hire for 40 rupees per month a good house-boat which contains four rooms, a bath-room, and a larder. If the Maharajah's leave can be obtained, there is excellent shooting in his "reserves." These have been maintained for some years as a breeding ground for deer, which were growing scarce, but a few are allowed to be shot every autumn,

The woods in which they are

preserved abut on the lake, the best ground being in two semi-circular glens facing north-west. Dhal Lake is the native home of many of the nymphæas, and the boat glides past floating gardens with plants growing on shallow layers of soil spread on the gigantic water-lily leaves. But for sport of a serious kind you must leave the valley, and

push on and up over the glacier marks, and the granite and gneiss, schists, and shales, to the natural forests, and the bare slopes beyond them, over which the huge peaks of the Himalayas rise in serrated chains with a grandeur of outline unmatched elsewhere in that barrier of the

East. "First settle what you mean to hunt," is the golden is the golden maxim, for on this will depend the choice of ground. If markhor, ibex, and red bear are your game, go to your game, go to Baltistan in the spring. If ovis ammon are the object, take Ladak in the spring, for the finest rams move



DHAL LAKE.



THE SLAYER SLAIN.

"road" means simply the direction across country which experience has

shown not to be impassable. It runs

over rocks, chasms,

and rivers-the two latter being bridged

by rope bridges made of twisted birch twigs -and round preci-

pices where the path is often made

of a few planks laid

on beams wedged into crevices of the

precipice and stick-ing out over the

abyss. But when

you once get under the eaves of "the roof of the world"

over the

non-existent. "road" mea

elsewhere before autumn. Bear will be found in the forest belt pretty well everywhere. But the vertical range of these hills is so immense, that it is no use settling down for a "general" shoot on them. Either take the "beasts of the forest" or the dwellers on the forest fringe between the woods and the snow, such as the markhor, or else go frankly for the beasts of the high rocks and snow, the burhel, ovis ammon, and ibex. The snow leopard—the most beautiful

prize which can fall to the sportsman in the Himalayas-is not uncommon, and the list of possible big game is not equalled elsewhere. Bear, leopard, thar, ibex, ourial, markhor, burhel, goral, and serow make up the regular items. To this may be added a certain chance of low ground game in the valley. The Balti shikaris are excellent; so are the Balti dogs. The equipment for the high ground is light. Three ponies, one cook, one servant to look after the coolies, and a shikari are enough. In Ladak it is now the custom for your shikari, who acts as stalker, to engage a relative to help him. It is as well to demur to this, and substitute as "chota shikari" a local man who knows the ground. local man who knows the ground. A three months' trip to Baltistan, including travelling, food,

TWO SHIKARIS.

and wages, can be done for 900 rupees from the start from Srinagar till the return. But this does not include the cost

of getting to the base at Srinagar. The greatest draw-back to the present system is the practice of "racing to secure hunting grounds. The rule 15 "first come, first served," and occupation is the sole claim to a "nala," of which the temporary owner is by custom allowed to consider himself sole sporting tenant when he has once reached the spot and camped there. But while the present war lasts there is likely to be little competition for places from men in the Service. The socalled "roads" in Baltistan are really



HOLDING UP HIS HEAD.

with, say, five snow peaks-each over 20,000ft. high-in a semi-circle beyond area of possible you, and feel yourself free of the whole



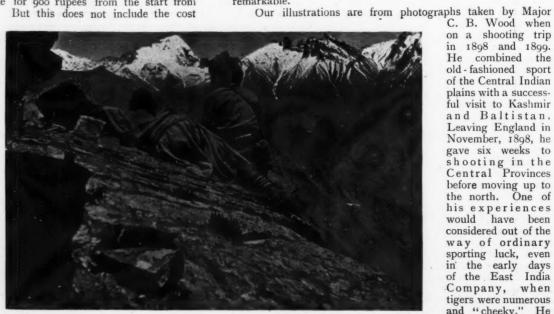
BRINGING HOME THE STAG.

game ground at their gigantic base, even the Balti roads seem bearable.

The following figures of a trip of 260 days to Kashmir from the Northern Provinces were given by Mr. H. Z. Darrah, whose remarks on equipment we have embodied above:

Time spent on journeys 121 days. Time spent resting ... (of which 32 b'ank) 97 ,, Game was bagged on 26 days.

The small percentage of days on which game was seen is remarkable.



A LESSON WITH THE TELESCOPE.

old - fashioned sport of the Central Indian plains with a success-ful visit to Kashmir and Baltistan. Leaving England in November, 1898, he gave six weeks to shooting in the Central Provinces before moving up to the north. One of experiences would have been considered out of the way of ordinary sporting luck, even in the early days of the East India Company, when tigers were numerous and "cheeky." He was called one

morning at 6.30 a.m. by his bearer, with news that during the night two of his baggage ponies had been killed by a tiger. One pony ought to have been enough to satisfy its "noble rage"; but as the two were picketed close together the tiger had killed

They were only 40yds, from where his men had been sleeping under a tree and not 100yds, from his own tent, but as everyone was tired with the previous day's march, no one had heard a sound. Major Wood found two victims of the tiger's kill lying dead close together, with a small bush between them. They were not eaten or touched otherwise. Having had a touch of fever the day before, he sent his shikari to find out which way the tiger had gone and went back to bed. An hour later the shikari returned and was making his report, when suddenly the unmistakable sound was heard of a tiger killing some animal. The sound is perhaps difficult to describe, but no one who has

heard a tiger kill ever mistakes it for anything else. It was found that a village cow had just been struck down, evidently by the same marauder, in a small patch of jungle at no great distance. This was at once surrounded by the men at the camp to keep the tiger there, while what coolies could be got were collected from the village near. Within an hour the tiger was shot and being carried to camp. The illustration shows The SLAYER SLAIN.

Among other good trophies of this period of the trip was a very fine swamp deer with specially fine antlers. The stag was with a herd of forty or more of its kind, and was shot after two days had been spent in the effort to secure him. The native Holding up His Head is a forest guard, detailed by the forest officer, in accordance with the rules of the district, to accompany any sportsman who has permission to shoot.

We believe that the Indian swamp deer has not yet been snown in the pages of Country Life. It has been killed up to the weight of 40st., and has fine antlers—see for evidence the scene of Bringing Home the Stag. It is rather limited and local in its ranges, being scarce except in Assam and in places at the foot of the Himalayas.

Major Wood's pictures give an excellent idea both of the kind of ground on which sport is had in the hills beyond Kashmir and of the

kind of man who aids in securing it. Of the Two SHIKARIS shown holding up the burhel's horns, one is a Kashmiri and the other a Balti stalker. The latter stalker. was very quiet, quick-sighted, and and unbeaten in crossing rough ground. The native hunter, keen though his eyesight soon learns value the spy-glass. The Lesson with THE TELESCOPE shows a Ladak coolie learning the use of the new instrument. He is watching a flock of burhel, not admiring the giant mountains

opposite; but the scene gives an excellent idea of the setting and surroundings of sport in Ladak. A Balti Bear on a snow slope, through which his falling bulk has ploughed a deep furrow, lies in the foreground of gigantic and imposing peaks. Among these rugged and desolate heights the supply of creature comforts to supplement the flesh of the game creature comforts to supplement the flesh of the game killed depends mainly on the goodwill and energy of the head man of the nearest village. He is The UNIVERSAL PROVIDER, finding coolies, wood, fowls, eggs, milk, and other supplies. The head man shown here was a model of his class and his portrait makes an appropriate finish of his class, and his portrait makes an appropriate finish



THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDER.

to these pictorial records of the sport which he was largely instrumental in furthering.

BURGLAR-PROOF?"

HEN Sir Walter Scott, lately recruited into the ranks of the second into the ranks of the Edinburgh legal army, was attending the assizes at ledburgh, he was entrusted with one of those Jedburgh, he was entrusted with one of those forlorn hopes by which the legal tyros commonly receive their baptism of fire. The defendant was a horse-thief, who varied this, his regular profession, by a little light work of the house-treaking kind, or, indeed, anything in the burglacious way that came handy to him. It was a case so forlorn, that even the genius of the greatest novelist in the world could not get him out of the noose which he had fitted so tightly round his neck. The reason that the forlorn hope was given to the untried hand was forlorn hope was given to the untried hand was that his virtue in the case was likely to be its own only reward, for in spite of the prisoner's life of enterprise, it had been so well requited that he had no money wherewith to pay his fees. However, he parted on the best of terms with his unsuccessful advocate, and,

PROVIDER. terms with his unsuccessful advocate, and, regretting that he had no sterling money, paid him with a piece of information that might perhaps prove valuable. We do not care, he said, when we are endeavouring to break into a house for your big dogs, nor for your small and cunning locks and keys. Have a great big lock and key, and the clumsier and rustier the better. And instead of your big dog in the yard, tie up a little yapping terrier in the house. That was the substance of the advice that the future Sir Walter had to accept in ample discharge of his fee; and with his ready humour made a rhyming memorandum of it long afterwards to this tune: afterwards to this tune :

"Yelping terrier, rusty key, Was Walter Scott's best Jeddart fee."

It appears that it was only for sheer love of sport, so to say, that this enter-prising man did anything in the house-breaking line; but it would be invaluable to us if some kindly house-breaker to his trade, on retiring from business, and so having no further use for his trade secrets, could be induced to turn traitor to his guild and inform us others who are not members of his ancient profession by what bonnie bars and by what bonnie bolts the plying of the trade burglaries is especially to be interrupted. We believe that there is a great misconception in this regard among those of us who are not burglars to our trade, and a little discussion of the means to make the burglarious ways thorny ones might not be without its profit. without its profit.

The subject is susceptible of formal division under two heads, even as there The subject is susceptible of formal division under two heads, even as there are two distinct classes of burglars formally recognised by the police under the respective names of the "dinner thieves" and the "first-sleep thieves." This is the formal division; but for the purposes of this essay it really is not a practical one, for the reason that the "dinner thief"—the man who comes while the family are at dinner, and, with a ladder, enters the ladies' rooms and takes away jewels that are left about—ought, we take it, to be circumvented by ordinary care; in the first place, by not leaving valuables about carelessly, and in the second place.

and, in the second place, by securing the ordinary window bolts, which should be sufficient safeshould be sufficient safe-guard against this gentle-man, who has no leisure to get to work seriously with diamond-cutter or file. He, it is to be noticed, will often have stretched wires across the garden paths a circum-stance that it is as well to hear in mind in case of bear in mind in case of any attempted pursuit. It is also a prudent precaution of his to lock the bedroom door from the inside as soon as he gets into the room, so that he may not be too quickly interrupted, and his mate will some-times wire up firmly, on the outside, the house the outside, the house door to prevent the pursuit coming too quickly to on their tracks.

But, leaving him, we come to the more serious matter of the "first-sleep



A BALTI BEAR.

BEAR.

matter of the "first-sleep thief," the man who visits your house uninvited, and breaks in while the household is plunged in its first, which is habitually its soundest, sleep. This man always (the exceptions are so rare that they may be disregarded) breaks into the house by a window, not by a door. Now there is no doubt that it is virtually possible to make every window safe by massive iron shutters, but their mass makes the cumbersome, and after all one lives in a house, not—unless one be a burglar suffering under misfortune—in a prison. The ordinary wooden shutter is far less valid a protection, but there is no doubt that hanging on each shutter a "burglar-bell," as these are called, makes greatly for safety. Also "alarm strings" are useful. In fact, if one is ready to consider the case from the point of view of a man who lives in constant fear of burglary, it is possible enough, by elaborate precautions of these mechanical kinds, to make the house

practically secure. But that is not really what we do want. We want a few simple rules to make us reasonably secure, without fitting up the house in such wise as to frighten every woman servant into fits by the virtual announcement "this house expects a burglarious attempt on it every night." Life under those

"this house expects a burglarious attempt on it every night." Life under mose conditions would scarcely be worth the living.

The elements that go to make a window safe seem to be plate glass, for this can with difficulty be cut and makes a great noise if clumsily broken, and panes so let in that they cannot easily be taken out whole. For this reason the panes, usually small ones, set in lead casing are especially to be avoided, for nothing is simpler than to turn the lead back and take the pane bodily out, so as to let in an arm to reach the fastening. A window such as this cannot be safe unless guarded by a shutter or by bars; and secondly, a further safeguard is the well-known one of locking the doors of each room, so that entry into one room guarded by a shutter or by bars; and secondly, a further safeguard is the well-known one of locking the doors of each room, so that entry into one room shall not give the "first-sleep thief" access to the rest of the house. And in this connection there is much dispute whether it is better to leave the key in the lock (of course not on the side from which you expect the burglar) or to take it out. If you leave it in, it is argued that, as unlocking is principally a problem of getting something to fit the wards of the lock, you leave the burglar this something already in the door, and he only has to push it round with a strong wire. On the other hand, the key already in the lock is a bar to the use of another key that he may have in his possession. On the whole, we are inclined to the belief that, if the lock be at all stiff of turning, the key in the door makes for greater safety, because it will be difficult with a wire to get the requisite pressure to turn it. On the other hand, if the key work easily we incline to the notion of taking it away. And no doubt there is a safety in bolts, and also in hooks from the wall fastening into eyes in the door. These latter are in a way better than bolts, lecause you can see at a glance whether they are fastened, whereas you have to look closer to see whether the bolt is pushed home. In either case the panel would probably have to be broken before the burglar could open the door.

Further than this, it seems hard to go beyond the pithy advice of Sir Walter's Further than this, it seems nard to go beyond the pitthy advice of shift waters of "Jeddart fee." There is no question that the yelping terrier, fast tied up, is the best of watch dogs. The dog in the yard, where burglars can throw poisoned meat to him, is a poor guard by comparison. Nor is the small terrier, if loose in the house, to be relied on, for they can tempt him to the door and give him drugged found them the beautiful the leads to the small terrier.

food through the keyhole.

food through the keyhole.

There is one protection of all, as we believe, against robbery, and that is the possession of nothing worth robbing; but that is a preventive that does not generally commend itself. Jewels should be in a burglar-proof and fire-proof safe. The locking of a bedroom door prevents a "first-sleep thief" entering unawares. A knowledge that you sleep with a revolver by your bedside may be usefully diffused, and you will incur no danger from the revolver as long as you do not load it. And finally, if you should, in spite of all, be burgled, you will find much consolation if your loss be covered by an insurance policy.



past that it will perhaps interest some of our readers to follow them a little further. The principles of enclosure and subdivision were illustrated by a couple of old examples, and how much the charm of a garden depends on such simple matters can only be realised to the full when the effect of "landscape gardening" on an old place has been watched from start to finish

It will have been within the experience of most people living in the country to have witnessed the process at work on some

to be spent there. It was approached

through an avenue and a couple of courts in quiet tones of green and grey. Out of this rose a stately mass of building—two wings and a centre-piece—with broad retreating shadows between, sparkling with myriads of small panes set among softly-moulded mullions. Through the walls on either among softly-moulded mullions. hand, festooned with a wealth of climbing roses, there were splashes of sunlight and colour from garden courts beyond, while at the back the brewhouse, offices, etc., were screened off from orchard and garden by walls of ample height. Now the enclosures are gone, and with them the charm has vanished too.

The writer has vivid recollections of just such a place with its gardens about it on a Yorkshire hillside. In the first court as you entered from the shrubbery were beds of brilliant flowers in patterns like a ceiling in the house, and against the south wall were vineries of Black Hamburghs and dark mysterious potting sheds. Then there was the bowling green, a wide expanse of velvet turf, with banks and terraced walks all trim and neat, where apricots and nectarines ripened on the walls. One side was fringed with scarlet lychnis and sweet William, and there the red admirals and tortoise-shells would spread their wings in the sun all day. Then there was the summer-house, with a racing fox for a vane, and bowls in a corner cupboard, and, last but not least, there was Peter the Great's arbour, for, in defiance of history, tradition had fixed upon this as the scene of the Czar's proposal. But an evil day was in store, for its quiet retirement was to be invaded by the landscape gardener. The walls were thrown down, the terraces destroyed, and the whole converted into a wilderness of specimen shrubs, for this was the new ideal that had taken the place of the old. However, the worst is over now, and many people are once more striving to obtain just those effects that the puritan spirit of a previous age busied itself in destroying. Still to many the way in which they have been in destroying. Still to many the way in which they have been used to see things done seems the only way, and for lack of used to see things done seems the only way, and for lack of they are contented with imagination to picture what might be they are contented with what is. Trees have been allowed to grow in the wrong places, but since they are there, there they must remain, forgetful that what is in the right place would look ever so much the better for their removal.

However, to the men who made the fine schemes of the past, such half-measures were unknown. Their enclosing walls were thick and solid and tall, and they knew that to give full value to a view the best points of it should be framed in solid masonry. They never fell into the mistake of exposing all the beauties of a place from one standpoint. These were skilfully



AN ENCLOSING WALL.

masked till they could be presented to the best possible advantage.

When a piece of ground is enclosed and the sub-divisions are decided upon there is still much effect to be obtained by a judicious arrangement of the levels. Perhaps there will be a natural fall in the ground, when the necessities of the case will dictate a variety of levels. But even on flat sites the old designers were not to be cheated of these effects, and excavated a sunk garden in one place so as to raise a terrace elsewhere with the contents.

There are such artificial terraces of soil filled in between stout walls at Littlecote, Hampstead Marshall, Kirby, and elsewhere. They formed an outlook over the garden in a flat situation, and gave just that lift to the mass of the house which Turner sought after so assiduously in the composition of his pictures. Where the ground falls naturally the digging about equals the filling, and it is a matter of judgment as to what fall should be allowed to a given width of flat. This also

given width of flat. This also depends on whether it is parallel or at right angles to the building. A wide flat next to the house with a deep fall beyond is to be avoided, as the advantage of the position for seeing the garden below is lost. Balcaskie is an instance of this, and though in other respects exceedingly beautiful it loses much from having a hanging garden instead of a terrace next to the house.

At Hampton Court the terraces on either side of the Privy Garden were raised with soil taken from the centre, and those in the Great Fountain Garden resulted from the excavation of the Long Canal by Charles II., for here again there was no fall in the ground to help in a change of level. In Holland, of course, terraces had to be artificially raised in almost every case, but the Dutchman was always so ready with his spade in digging canals and fish-ponds that there was never any lack of soil from which to make them. The annexed bird's-eye view of Herrenhausen,



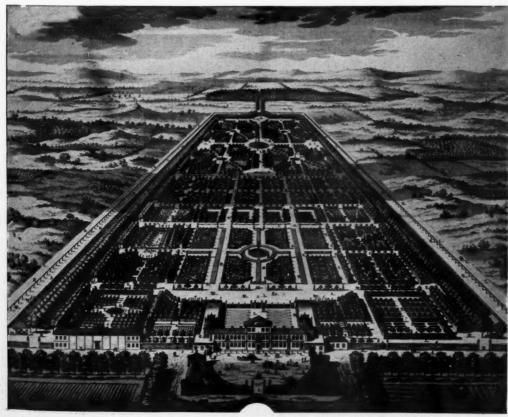
BALCASKIE.

the country seat of the Princes of Hanover, is a good example of a Dutch lay-out of the time of William III. The scheme consists of an oblong piece of ground, in size some 200yds. by 500yds., enclosed by a canal, with walls and belts of trees. At the north end lies the house, and the south end is broken by a bastion leading up to an avenue. In front of the house a semicircular forecourt with three entrances is enclosed by the stable buildings, and the wings of the house thrown out southwards, together with a connecting grille, enclose a square house-court giving on to the gardens. A broad walk runs right and left, and immediately in front is the parterre in eight plats of broderie round a circular fountain. There is an orangery to the east, and being summer the tubs are ranged out on the turf. On the west there are pumpkin and herb gardens, and part of the vegetable gardens come into the lower corners of the picture. All the rest of the ground is given up to

of the ground is given up to groves and alleys. But every grove is planned with some quaint device in hedges, mazes, theatres, and the like. From the drawing it would appear that these groves consisted of hedges, with clipped balls of leafage rising above them at intervals, and that consequently they could have afforded very little shade. But that was not really the case. The hedges would have been clipped, it is true, just as we find them at Versailles, but the trees above them were no doubt allowed to go free, and the real effect intended was that of the illustration in a French grove.

intended was that of the illustration in a French grove.

The engraver was chiefly anxious to explain the design, and since to have drawn the trees large would have obscured this, he preferred to adopt a cypher for a tree wherever it seemed convenient. This should be borne in mind with regard to all old bird'seye views. They were never intended to be anything more than a convention, and they were only preferred to a map in that they were a trifle more explanatory. Nevertheless, they are exceedingly interesting to those who understand



HERRENHAUSEN.



A FRENCH GROVE.

The further half of the scheme at Herrenhausen was slightly later than the nearer portion, and was somewhat quieter in arrangement than the older part. It would appear at first sight that the whole of the ground was on a level, but some of the compartments were raised up and grottos worked in under them, although the main walks ran through level from end to end. How much of this scheme exists at the present day the writer is unable to say, but he is told that the house still remains in the neighbourhood of Hanover, and it may be known to some of our readers.

(To be continued.)





SITUATED about eight miles south-east of Shrewsbury stand the magnificent ruins of Moreton Corbet Castle, an edifice which was begun somewhere about the middle of the sixteenth century with the avowed intention of

with the avowed intention of making it the finest country mansion in England. A series of exceedingly romantic stories enshroud this venerable pile, "long crumbling o'er its solid base, for, notwithstanding the enormous sums spent on it by generations of Corbets, it was doomed never to be completed. The property itself originally belonged to the Turets or Thorets, one of the few great Saxon families that sur the Conquest, and was held by them until the twelfth year of Edward I.'s reign, when it was taken by an heiress of the family to a branch of the Norman house of Corbeau, or Corbet, which had settled at Wattlesborough Salop. The property, with the old castle then standing on that site, retained the name of Moreton Thoret until the year 1515, when it was rechristened Moreton Corbet, Forty years later, Sir Andrew Corbet.

Knight, conceived the idea of pulling down the old feudal structure and of replacing it by a more modern mansion. In this resolve he was backed up by his eldest son Robert, a great traveller, who is said to have specially travelled to and brought back from Italy the design for the magnificent building projected. Celebrated foreign craftsmen were imported, and work had hardly been started when, in 1579, Sir Andrew died, his decease being followed four years later by the untimely death of his son, for, according to a MS. chronicle, "Mr. Robert Corbet goinge up to Loondon to vyset his uncle, Mr. Walter Corbet, who anon commynge, dyed of the plage, and the sayed Robert, by reason of the infection, dieed also; and thus death countermanding his designs, took him off, and so his project was unfulfilled." Camden, also, bears witness as follows: "Robert Corbet, carried away with the affectionate delight of architecture, began to build in a barraine place a most gorgeously and stately house after the Italian model; but death prevented him, so that he left the new work unfinished and the old castle defaced." Robert Corbet died childless, and his estates passed to a cousin, Sir Richard Corbet, who died in 1606, and was succeeded by his brother Vincent, then fifty-two years of age. Both of these gentlemen appear to have lived enthusiastically up to the spirit of the uncompleted legacy bequeathed them by their kinsman, but the last-named was unfortunate enough to call down a curse upon it, which, so tradition states, accounts for the work never being completed. This Mr. Vincent Corbet was kindly disposed towards the Puritan movement, and when about the beginning of James I.'s reign the laws began to increase in severity against it, he extended his protection towards an aged member of the persuasion residing in a neighbouring village.

At length, however, the authorities became so urgent in their pursuit, that Mr. Corbet found himself powerless to avert the arrest of his protégé.

In this, at least as the tale is related, there does not seem ground for much reprehension. The Puritan, however, perhaps not the most equitable judge in the case, thought there was, and requested an interview with his whilom protector previous to being carried away to prison, when, instead of expressing any gratitude for the patronage Mr. Corbet had hitherto afforded, he reproached him bitterly. Pointing to the walls of Moreton Corbet, on which the workmen were then busily employed, he assumed the tone and language of a prophet, exclaiming: "Boast not thyself in thy wealth, or in the stately mansion from which thou fondly hopes so much satisfaction; it shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation, but wild beasts of the desert shall be there, and thy house shall be full of doleful creatures!"

Perhaps, when our prophet surveyed the great extent of the half-finished edifice, it occurred to him as not unlikely that poor Mr. Corbet would ultimately incur the censure of having neglected to sit down first and count the cost of completing the task which he had inherited.

he had inherited.

Certainly this gentleman, notwithstanding his prodigious exertions, never lived to see the mansion an accomplished fact; and the mission, accordingly, again devolved upon a successor, his grandson, Sir Vincent Corbet, who was created a baronet in 1642. Now this Sir Vincent, a devoted Royalist, spent his money freely both in supporting the Crown and in hurrying on the completion of Moreton Corbet. And just as the



BLIGHTED BY A CURSE.

finishing touches were being put to the mansion, and the residence itself had become capable of defence, it was made, by Prince Rupert's orders, a garrison for the King. It was this that brought about its destruction, and fulfilled the prophecy of the disagreeable old Puritan.

On September 10th, 1644, at one o'clock in the morning, Moreton Corbet was made the object of a surprise attack by a comparatively small Parliamentary force. A desperate hand-to-hand

fight ensued, and to stop the galling fire proceeding from the windows, handgrenades were thrown in by the Roundheads These set the grand new building on fire, and partially consumed it. In addition to this misfortune, Sir Vincent had to compound for his estates in the sum of £1,588, by which and many other heavy charges brought upon him by his zeal for the cause of his sovereign he was not only precluded from repairing the damage wrought by the disastrous siege, but was under the necesof selling his sitv estates. among them Moreton.

Sir Vincent died broken - hearted in 1656; and on the death

of his grandson, the third Baronet, in 1688, the baronetcy became extinct. Fortunately, however, there were other Corbets left in the country to carry on the name, and to eventually repair the shattered fortunes of the family. In 1743, Andrew Corbet, of Shawbury Park, a descendant of a younger brother of the first Baronet, redeemed the dilapidated mansion which had cost his ancestors so dear. Absolute repair, however, was out of the question. The roof had fallen in, and years of neglect had fatally accelerated the work of decay. Mr. Corbet, therefore, was compelled to content himself with restoring and preserving the ruins with exemplary care, a duty which his descendants have not been slow to follow. It was this gentleman's nephew who was created a baronet in 1808, from whom is descended the present

proprietor, Sir Walter Orlando Corbet, fourth Baronet of the new creation, who resides at Acton Reynold Park, two miles distant from the picturesque ruins of what was once proudly intended to be the "most gorgeously and stately house after the Italian model."

To turn to the building itself, which for beauty of design and richness of ornamentation would, had its projectors' dreams been fulfilled, have been unsurpassed. Photo-

graphs alone can but faintly convey the magnitude and elaborate character of the structure. A visit lasting several hours is needed to appreciate these and other qualities which it possesses, notably the beautiful cornices and friezes, the quaint gargoyles, and proud heraldic devices meeting one at every turn. The ruins really consist of the remains of two houses of different character, though from the dates on each it does not appear that many years could have

intervened between the erection of both. Somewhere on the frieze of the older portion is the puzzling inscription, "OLLE D. 1515 ARCOS," and underneath two stars; over the original portal of the castle are the initials "S.A.C. 1579," and the crest of the elephant and castle, said traditionally to have been that of the Scottish Oliphants, one of whom was taken prisoner by a Corbet in a war between the two kingdoms. In another part of the building occur the initials "I.R.C.," and on the frieze the second crest of the

second crest of the family, a squirrel cracking a nut. These last two sets of initials must be those respectively of Sir Andrew Corbet and of his son Robert, the great traveller, while the first has probably something to do with the renaming of the castle in the year quoted. The walls throughout are externally of stone, lined with brick, and of great thickness.

Note also the huge size of the windows, which bear witness to a radical change from the small feudal type, still in vogue when the mansion was building. As far as light and airiness are concerned, the Italian architects of the sixteenth century were far in advance of their English

brethren. Finally, it will be seen that the lower storey is of the Doric and the upper one of the Ionic order. The frieze we cannot describe in detail; suffice to say that it is everywhere most beautifully carved and ornamented with Corbet ravens, rams' heads, flowering ferns, and various dates up till the middle of the seventeenth century, dates which fully prove that his descendants carried on Robert Corbet's colossal scheme, which, although not destined to be completed, has left us one of the most picturesque ruins in the country, the history of which reads like a chapter from one of Sir Walter Scott's novel, to whom such a theme would have strongly appealed, and who alone could have done anything approaching justice to such a romantic story.

For the information of tourists and others we would add that little village of Shawbury, one mile and quarter from the ruins, offers ample accommodation, while a new hostelry with the family sign of the " elephant castle" has recently been erected on high road skirting the domain the of castle itself.

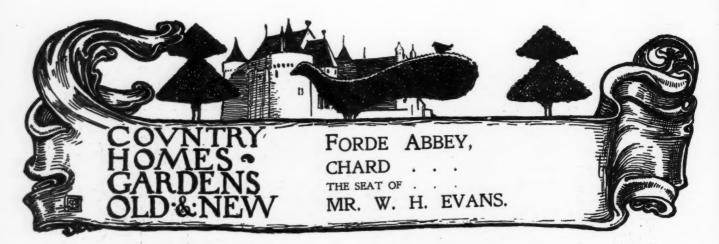
Apart from the attractions of Moreton Corbet itself, a visit to this neighbourhood will be full of



A BEAUTIFUL FRAGMENT.

A STATELY PROJECT.

interest to the lovers of rural England. In the vicinity are to be found many beautiful country houses, the founders of which, perhaps not so ambitious as those of Moreton Corbet, were fortunate enough to escape the extraordinary series of disasters which stood in the way of the family of Corbet carrying out to a successful issue the magnificent project of their ancestor, notwithstanding their indomitable perseverance.

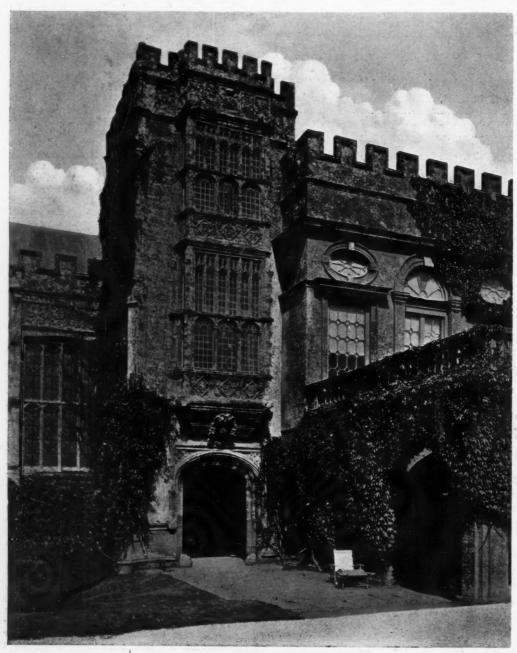


EEP in the very heart of the soft-aired West Country, where Devon and Dorset and Somerset meet on the banks of the meandering Axe—a river is the only thing which can properly meander—lies Forde Abbey, just within the boundary of Dorsetshire. Now Dorset is a county rich in ancient buildings and in historic memories. The Abbey Church at Sherborne and the venerable school buildings which nestle under it are, for example, among the most interesting structures in the whole of our country; but in all Dorset there is no place in which every circumstance that man has to desire in connection

with a great house and its environment is to be found in such variety and completeness as at Forde. Venerable antiquity, the most stately of ancient architecture, other and newer work by Inigo Jones, extraordinary wealth of climbing plants, the garden invading the house in many an appropriate fashion, splendid prospects and abundant water, magnificent trees, a soil which will suit almost anything save the plants to which limestone is abhorrent, a gentle climate which makes a cool greenhouse quite superfluous, a river which yields abundant trout, all these things combine to make Forde Abbey a paradise for the gardener and the country gentleman out of doors. And it is no less

the country gentleman out of doors. And it is no less fascinating to the antiquarian and to the lover of the beautiful in Art and in Architecture, not that they are to be distinguished, in fact to both it presents a hundred features of varied interest. One might indeed almost preach upon it a sermon, having for text the beautiful line of Keats, "Here could I linger all the summer through." It should be an eloquent "sermon in stones," in verdure, in history, in tapestry, in pictures, and in horticulture. The exquisite photographs of this noble and time-bonoured edifice and its surroundings are a poem and a dream of beauty, and they illustrate not a vision of the past but a living reality.

Of touching interest is the legend of the founding of Forde Abbey, and of its growth to its present beauty, and we trust that the destroying hand of the dry-as-dust antiquarian may never be laid upon it. This is how it runs in its sweet simplicity. In the year of Grace 1133 one Viscount Richard, son of Baldwin and Albreda, a fighting Norman of ducal origin, began to build an abbey at Brightley, near Okehampton. To build an abbey was the ancient and picturesque method, prescribed by custom, of laying up treasure in heaven. Whether it did so or not, it certainly laid up treasure for posterity on earth. In 1136 the buildings were ready, and the Abbot of Waverley, which was in Surrey, lent to Lord Richard twelve of his Cistercian monks, who walked all the way to Brightley. But, whatsoever may have been the structure at Brightley, the poor and hungry lands would not support the community, and five years later twelve sadder and wiser men, or all that were left of them, began to trudge their way back towards

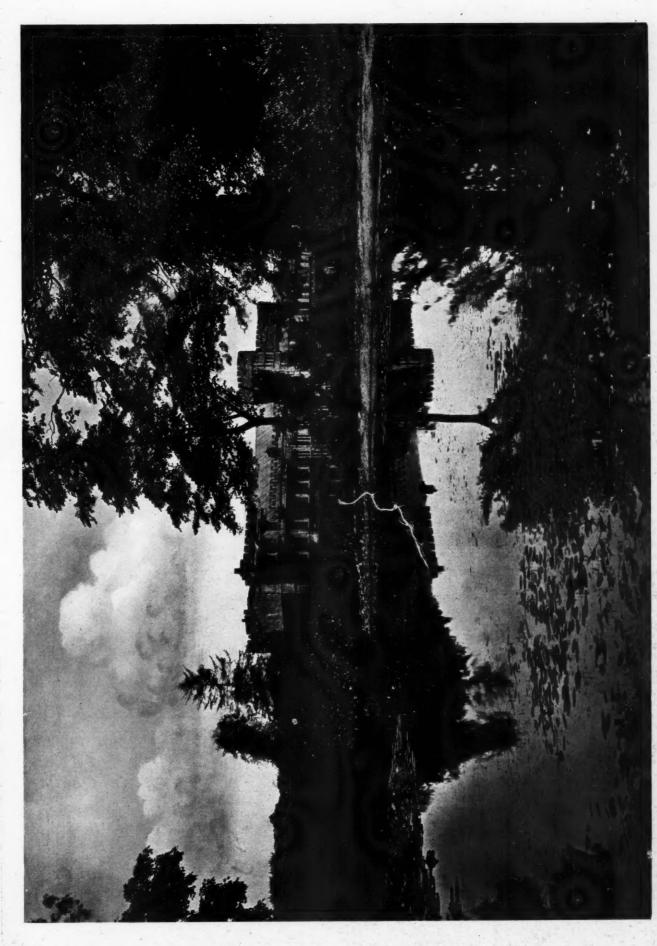


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THE PORCH TOWER ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"COUNTRY LIFE."



but we are dis-

posed to agree with the author of an interesting

pamphlet, published by the Chard and Ilminster News, that Thomas Chard was the

better man of the

two, and that the new patches on the old garment, cleverly as they were added,

might have been harmoni-

beautiful diningroom and the grand staircase, which were the work of Inigo,

were conceived

and executed in the most generous spirit,

Still the

more

ous.

Waverley. But as they walked they fell in with a gentle and a rich lady, Adeliza Viscountess of Devon, heiress of the dead Lord Richard, who gave to them the Manor of Thorncombe, in ex-change for the barren lands of Brightley, and the use of the Manor House until a convenient abbey should have been have been erected for them at Forde in a land flowing with milk and honey. Here the first buildings were ready for occupation in 1148, here the industrious monks tilled the rich soil to great advantage, and the



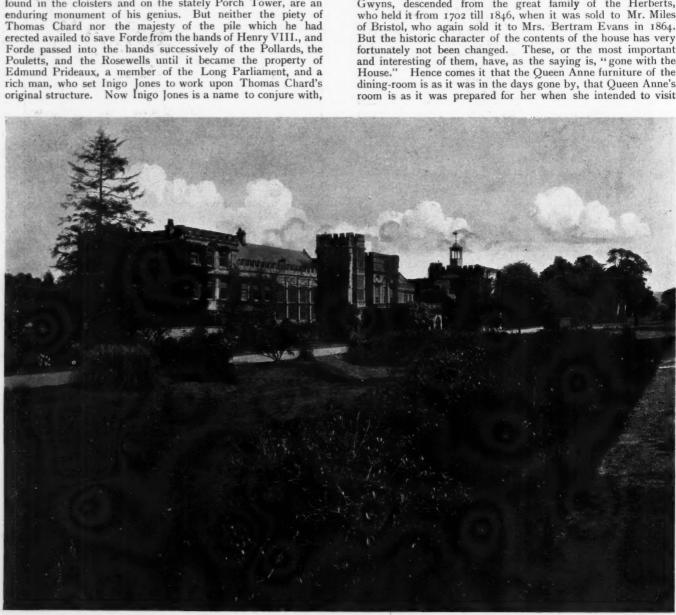
SEEN THROUGH A VISTA.

community, enriched by many princely benefactors, flourished amazingly until the days of Thomas Chard, the last and for our purposes the greatest of the abbots of Forde. For Chard was not only a good abbot, but also an architect of no common splendour of conception, and the initials T.C., which are to be found in the cloisters and on the stately Porch Tower, are an

"COUNTRY LIFE."

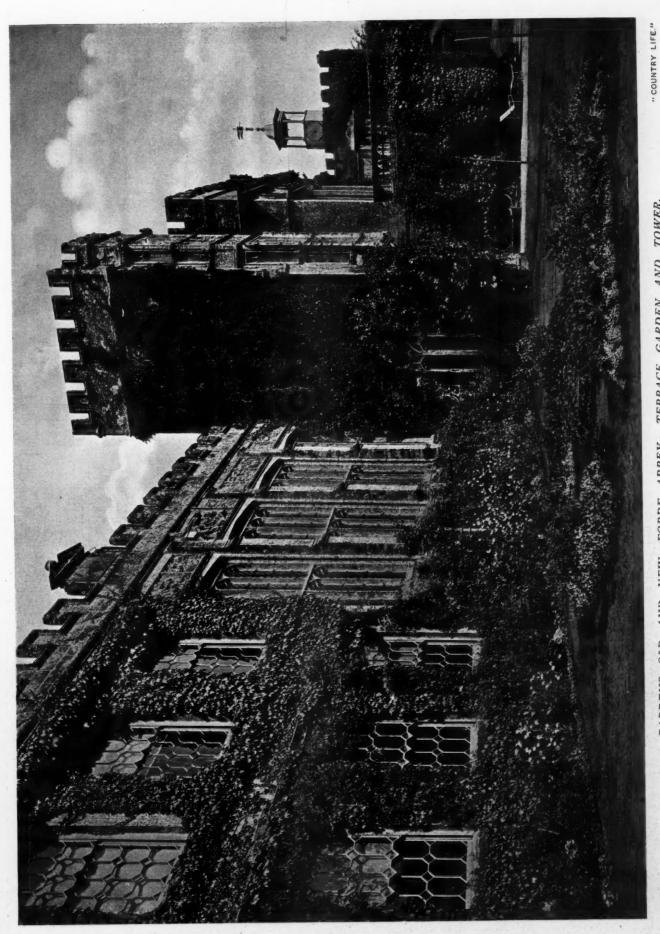
and if the patches ever looked at all incongruous, the extraordinary wealth of climbers of every kind which the pictures show forms a veil of

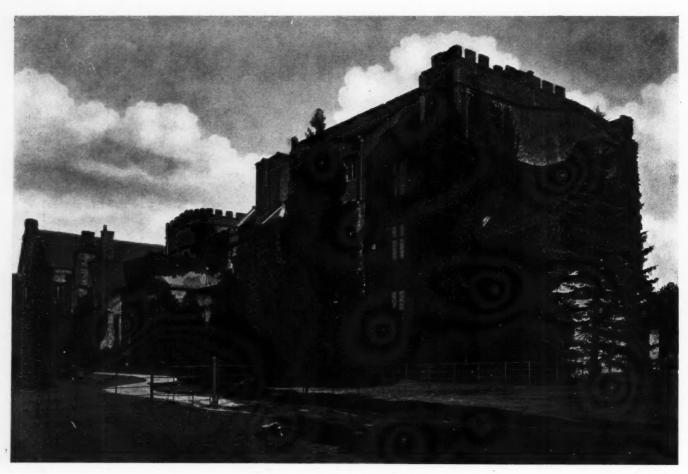
wondrous beauty to almost the whole structure. Inigo Jones was the last to tamper with the work of Thomas Chard, and the abbey has passed since then through Margaret Prideaux, who married Francis Gwyn of Llansannor, to the Gwyns, descended from the great family of the Herberts, who held it from 1702 till 1846, when it was sold to Mr. Miles of Bristol, who again sold it to Mrs. Bertram Evans in 1864. But the historic character of the contents of the house has very fortunately not been changed. These, or the most important and interesting of them, have, as the saying is, "gone with the House." Hence comes it that the Queen Anne furniture of the dining-room is as it was in the days gone by, that Queen Anne's room is as it was prepared for her when she intended to visit



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FROM THE SOUTH.





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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mr. Francis Gwyn, her Secretary for War, and that the beautiful Spanish tapestries which Queen Anne gave to her favourite Minister, tapestries which he in his turn refused to sell for £30,000 to the Empress Catherine of Russia, are still among the most cherished treasures of Forde Abbey. So is some valuable Gobelin tapestry, and there are pictures of no common interest and merit also.

Forde Abbey, in fact, is a noble country home in form and equipment, and its surroundings are of exceptional beauty. The first point which strikes one is that the successive owners of the structure have never feared that the encouragement of wall trees

and climbers might destroy the symmetry of the building or blur the delicacy of its lines. Thus on the south wall of the chapel grow five Jargonelle pear trees, which have stood in their places for more than a century, bearing the delicious fruit which is at its best, like many other fruits, when it is picked from the tree and eaten when the warmth of the sun is still in it. Hard by the vine, the Virginian creeper and the ivy are closely associated, so that there is always a cloak of tender green in summer, of sunborn scarlet and crimson of Virginian creeper in autunn, and of sombre ivy in winter. These are allowed to grow with considerable freedom. To the portico clings Clematis montana, a vision of beauty when it produces a cloud of white flowers in spring. Climbing plants flourish amazingly everywhere, Virginian creeper

a vision of beauty when it produces a cloud of white flowers in spring. Climbing plants flourish amazingly everywhere, Virginian creeper on the central tower, beneath which is to be found William Allan Richardson, of which the buds give a richer promise of apricot colour than the flowers ever fulfil. Then the southern walls are clothed, as with a garment, in sweet old-fashioned roses, in small-leaved Virginian creeper, in great variety of clinging clematis, and in jasmine; and in a border at the base many tender plants, heliotropes, ivy-leaved pelargoniums, gladioli, and the like are grown, not in lines, or in chaos, but in masses of one colour.

A wide walk runs from one end of the grounds to the other, and at the western end is a long wall, 6ft. high, which, with the border below it, is of remarkable interest. Here, in the first place, are some ancient apple trees, very beautiful, if for a short time only, in the time of blossom, and these as they die out are replaced by climbing roses of many kinds, and sometimes by young pear trees. In passing



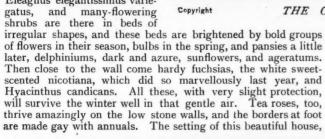
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THE LARGER LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

it may be permitted to express a hope that some day the Japanese custom of considering apple and plum and peach and cherry as flowering shrubs no less than as fruit-producing trees may become more prevalent than it is. But to return to our wall, it has an interesting border beneath it, where Choisya ternata and escallonia and other shrubby plants flourish abundantly, and in front of them is a sound herbaceous border, of really hardy herbaceous plants.

Away on the eastern side of the abbey is a sunk garden, known as the Port Garden, which may be seen to great advantage from the end of the terrace. It is, save for the fact that azaleas and rhododendrons, which are attempted, do not flourish on the limestone, a remarkably good example of what cultivated taste may do in the way of arrangement with shrubs and low-growing trees. Red horse chestnut, Acacia sempervirens, the variegated maples, hollies, double-flowered thorns, weigelas of many kinds, osmanthus, Eleagnus elegantissimus variegatus, and many-flowering shrubs are there in beds of





THE CHAPEL FROM THE ROCK GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and the absolutely adjacent terraced garden, the two together being regarded as the jewel, is of extraordinary beauty. The views of the rich West Country are extensive and peaceful; the park, which stands above the abbey, is marked by some very fine timber, and at a higher level than the abbey lie some ornamental ponds and a knoll known as the Mount, where trees and shrubs in great variety, with bulbs and hardy plants interspersed, form a beautiful scene at almost any period of the year. The evergreen cypress is there, and the cedar of Lebanon



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A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOUSE.

sadly mutilated by the recent storm, spreads its horizontal arms. Pine trees of great age, allowed to have plenty of space, sweep the green turf with their branches, and down by the ornamental pond there are masses of rhododendrons, the branches of which actually dip into the water. Then the wise distance apart at which the trees are planted not only permits them to develop their full beauty, but also allows spaces giving rarely lovely views of the adjoining estate, and encourages a lush growth of crocuses, and squills, and daffodils, and snowdrops, of the meadow saxifrage, and of the spotted orchis. Altogether the Mount is a very pleasant place.

Nor must we forget the trees along the curving drive and in front of the abbey. The drive is very striking with its bold bend, its fine specimens of oak, horse chestnut, and beech, its particularly fine araucarias, its masses of rhododendrons and pampas grass. By this approach, too, is obtained a view of the abbey, perhaps the best of all, of the ornamental water where the white water-lily and the arum vie with one another, and of a tennis court, which in all probability occupies the ground in which Abbot Chard and his predecessors kept their fish for fast days; and round the margin where the monks sat and angled, or perhaps ladled out their fish with a net, are standard roses, and rhododendrons, and pampas grass, and tritomas, or kniphofias, which the homely call red-hot pokers or torch lilies.

A rock garden there is also, and a wild garden in a disused

gravel pit, and the stone-walled garden which produces wonderful apples and pears, and in it the gardener's picturesque cottage, and behind it a famous orchard. In the abbey yard, too, is a splendid quince, most undeservedly neglected of trees, and over the back door is an ancient arch, now a thick mass of ivy and climbing roses, which formerly spanned the moat. Altogether Forde Abbey is a place entirely delightful from every point of view, where successive owners, being men of taste all, have been engaged ever since the twelfth century in making the best of splendid opportunities of soil and climate.



PRUNING ROSES.

HIS subject has been already alluded to, but it is too important to pass over lightly. Pruning seems one of the mysteries of Rose cultivation; the beginner does not discriminate between the climber and the bush, the beginner does not discriminate between the climber and the bush, and one section and another, all species and varieties receiving much the same treatment. This is, of course, radically wrong. The requirements of the variety must be studied, and to treat every one alike is to court absolute failure. Pruning generally may be carried out now, although this is not a forward season, beginning first with the climbers and Hybrid Perpetuals, and finishing with the beautiful Tea-scented varieties. Much has been written the properties of the veers and we have referred on

upon the subject of late years, and we have referred on more than one occasion to the booklet concerning Rose pruning issued by the National Rose Society, but in truth the operation is quite simple. The golden rule is to encourage wood thoroughly ripened, as soft sappy

shoots are never satisfactory.

A strong-growing Rose must not be pruned so hard as a more weakly one, the former having shoots from 12in. to 18in. left, or from 6in. to 8in., but the moderate growers may be cut back twice as severely. Let moderate growers may be cut back twice as severely. Let the eye at the top of the shoot point outward, the object being to prevent the centre of the bush from becoming overcrowded with useless wood. Before starting to prune look well at the plant. Remove first sappy ill-ripened wood, and encourage the shoots of the previous year. The rosarian must have ripe hard wood, and in the case of the Hybrid Perpetuals and Hybrid Teas almost as thick as one's little finger. It must also be those growths produced the previous season. This is one of the great secrets (if secret it can be called) that enables the rosarian to obtain those glorious Roses enables the rosarian to obtain those glorious Roses seen at the exhibitions. Of course, a quantity of these are produced from maiden or yearling plants, but many of our foremost growers cut some of their finest flowers from plants more than one year old. The main object, therefore, in pruning is to induce new wood to form, and it is advisable to encourage this to appear from near the base. Rather than allow a lot of old wood to some in plant closer if a certain race must be filled. to remain, plant closer if a certain space must be filled

up. A distance of 18in. apart is ample.

We have had chiefly in mind such Roses as Caroline Testout, Alfred Colomb,
Charles Lefebvre, etc. Beautiful specimens of these are a pleasure to see, whether
the flowers are desired for the exhibition or for cutting.

FURTHER NOTES UPON PRUNING

As we have previously mentioned, Roses must not be all treated upon the same plan. Many varieties produce a number of twigs, characteristic of the individual kind, and in such cases first keep the centre of the bush quie open, so as to admit sun and air to ripen up the growths, and cut back very carefully.

Immoderate pruning would be disastrous to a future display of flowers. Many of the charming Rambler Roses, single species, Penzance Briars, Ayrshire and Evergreen Roses, Austrian Briars, and similar groups should be simply tipped. Hard cutting back would mean an abundance of wood but no flowers. Cut Hard cutting back would mean an abundance of wood but no flowers. Cut away entirely each year some of the three year old wood, and this will promote an annual renewal of the plant, so to say, by means of new growths. Young growths upon the old garden Roses, such as the Moss, Cabbage, York and Lancaster, Gallicas, and Maiden's Blush, must be left fairly long, say from 1ft. to 2ft., provided the eyes have not started. If this, however, be the case, cut past the started eyes to the dormant ones. Where space and situation permit, Roses of this kind should be regarded rather as more suitable for short pillars than as bushes. than as bushes

Prune hard back the tiny Polyanthas and the Chinas, except the common China Rose, Armosa, and a few others of similar character. The way to grow these is as large bushes. Scotch Roses require no pruning. If used as hedge plants and they become bare near the base, cut them down to within 1ft. of the round, and the same remark applies to the pretty Sweet Briar Rose used as a hedge plant.

TREATMENT OF CLIMBING ROSES.

Climbing Roses upon walls should be taken down and overhauled, cutting away the old growths and renailing wood one and two years old. If spread out fan fashion more flowers appear, and new shoots are induced to break up from the base. The time to prune wall Roses is after the summer flowers have flown, when the oldest growths should be removed and the new ones encouraged to ripen. Cut back the laterals on the best growths to two or three eyes, but if very closely placed remove some altogether. Climbing Roses planted last autumn and this spring should be cut back hard now, say to half their present length. Even such severe cutting back as to within 1/t. of the ground would be wise. Half-climbers on walls must only be shortened slightly.

STANDARD AND WEEPING ROSES.

In the case of those standard Roses the centres of which are well filled, prune less vigorously than the bushes. New wood upon many of the strong growers like Ulrich Brunner may be left from 1ft. to 15in. long. Cut weeping Roses hard in the first year, afterwards merely thinning and shortening

CARNATION DISEASES.

[With special reference to Dry Stem Rot.]

In a paper read recently upon "Carnation Growing in America," before the Kew Gardeners' Society, we were much interested in references to the Carnation diseases. The writer said: "The Carnation is subject to many insect pests and fungoid diseases. Mice, slugs, red spider, and green fly need not be mentioned; of fungoid diseases, black spot, rust, and dry stem rot are most destructive. When taken in time black spot and rust can easily be cured by the destructive. When taken in time black spot and rust can easily be cured by the application of Bordeaux mixture. By far the most destructive disease is the dry stem rot which every year causes thousands and thousands of dollars' loss to the nurserymen. Most frequently it appears in the houses shortly after planting in the autumn. The first visible sign of the disease is a fine reddish stripe running along one side of the stem and extending to one or several branches. This marking becomes more and more prominent, the stem ultimately breaking off at the root-stock. On examination the tissues here are found to be quite destroyed, and only a mass of dry fibres remain; the roots, however, seem unaffected. The plants may be attacked by this disease both when planted in the houses and when in the field. unaffected. The plants may be attacked by this disease both when planted in the houses and when in the field. A few individuals scattered in the beds may become affected and die slowly, or large lots may die off with astonishing rapidity. The disease seems to get better hold when the beds have been lately treated with organic manure; virgin soil fertilised with chemical manure seems to be safe. Again, plants placed a little too deep in the soil are often attacked before the surrounding ones, and such individuals regularly succumb to stem rot even where it does not appear on those properly planted in the same bed.

Superfluous moisture also seems to play an important
part." This rot, a fungoid disease, is a pest so difficult

part." This rot, a fungoid disease, is a pest so difficult to deal with that we thought this note might prove of some importance to our readers.

PYRAMIDAL MIGNONETTE.

Mignonette grown in the ordinary way is of quite the common garden form, but grown as shown in this photograph it is seldom if ever seen, excepting at exhibitions, and of late years has been conspicuous by its absence. The plants here shown measured 3ft. high from the top of the pot to the top of the centre spike. They were exhibited at the Royal Horticultural Society's Show in 1873, held at Kensington (when Her Majesty visited the exhibition), and won a silver medal, and were also exhibited at the Royal Botanic Society's Exhibition. and were also exhibited at the Royal Botanic Society's Exhibition at Regent's Park, taking first prize. Mignonette is a very delicate species of soft-wooded plant to grow when it has to be nipped back continuously for several months, as it takes about eleven months to grow plants as shown here. The perfume from the long spikes is as pungent as from the ordinary dwarf pots of Mignonette sold everywhere, but the uncommonness of these plants is owing to their great height and width trained pursuidal feation. It certainly height and width, trained pyramidal fashion. It certainly would be very interesting if these delightful fragrant flowers were grown more extensively and more often exhibited at our flower shows. Mr. Albert Chancellor, J.P., Richmond, Surrey, has been the happy producer of these delightful plants, and we can only hope he will continue his productions for the lenefit of the public at large, and the ladies in particular.

A NEW PRIMULA.

A Primula that will probably be much grown in the future is called P. kewensis, raised in the Royal Gardens, Kew, by crossing P. floribunda with P. verticillata, both popular kinds of free growth and bearing a profusion of flowers. So free is it; that it has been in bloom since October of last year, and, judging from its aspect now, it will continue flowering for another six months. The hybrid preserves the best characteristics of the parents; the flowers appear in whorls, more crowded, but similar to those of P. verticillata, and they are individually rich yellow and about the same size as those of P. floribunda, so well known for their bright colour and persistent flowering.



PYRAMIDAL MIGNONETTE.



CHAPTER XII.

THE BLOODY FIELD OF SAN BUENAVENTURA. THE BLOODY FIELD OF SAN BUENAVENTURA.

OR the next ten days I kept my bed, a mighty sick man, for excitement and loss of blood played the deuce with my heart's action, and had I not known that life for me was so well worth the living I might have died of sheer weakness and anæmia. I was a sorry figure, you may be sure, when I first took the air upon Pearson's arm, lean of face—where before I had been full pole as putty and feeble and antiwardes a percent. I had been full—pale as putty, and feeble and awkward as a newborn colt. Like the colt, however, I soon sucked health and strength from the glorious spring breezes, not to mention more solid nourishment generously provided by my kind friend Mrs. Larkin. 'Twas from her I learned in detail what passed in the church during and after my fainting spell. Magdalena, it seemed, had aroused a pretty tempest of sympathy and pity in the hearts of many gentlemen present. Upon the arm of a cousin she had of many gentlemen present. Upon the arm of a cousin she had left the church, and Mrs. Larkin said that the little girls strewed flowers in her path, as if she had been in truth a bride, and that she walked down the aisle with a smile upon her face and a sparkle she walked down the aisle with a smile upon her face and a sparkle in her eyes that became her vastly well. The groom and Don Narciso were left scowling at the altar, mingling their curses with the lamentations of Tia Maria Luisa. In the confusion Magdalena passed me by, knowing nothing then of my presence, unable to see a prostrate man on account of the crowd around her, and believing me, of course, to be safe in my bed at Larkin's. The brave girl marched straight to Alvarado's house and told him what she had done

him what she had done. Meanwhile, Solomon and the Indita, with Pearson's help, had carried me to my lodging. Within an hour the town knew that I had dragged myself to the church, and the comments upon such a piece of folly were, you may be sure, of a mixed com-Finally, the story reached the ears of Magdalena, with the corollary that I was like to pay dearly for my rashness. She tried, in defiance of Spanish etiquette, to see me, but Pearson guarded my door and allowed none admittance. And Alvarado, the persuaded her, not without difficulty, to accept Vallejo's invitation. Don Narciso was about to take the road for San Luis Obispo; he had no stomach for his daughter's company; he dared not leave her in Monterey, so he added his commands to the Governor's entreaties. In brief, she was constrained to go aboard a small vessel that set sail for Sonoma upon the afternoon following, but she wrote and despatched by a secret hand the first love letter I had ever received. 'Twas in Spanish, and the literal translation may sound to northern ears high falutin', but to me, I know, her sweet superlatives were as wine to the weak:

"Best beloved of my soul" (she wrote), "I leave thee, because 'tis best—so my cousin says—that I should anger my father no more. He has called me dreadful names that I would blush to set down upon paper. And he looks at me—ay! so cruelly! His glances smart like the lash of the cuerda. Tia Maria Luisa says that I shall burn in hell for ever for loving a heretic, and, may God pardon me, but I do love thee, Juanito, my darling, and I kiss thy yellow curl when I tell my beads. Santisima! but thou didst send me a pretty bridegroom; yet I thank thee in the name of all women for setting thy mark upon his false face. And now, my best-beloved, adios. The rude Pearson says thou wilt be in the saddle again in three weeks, and my cousin needs thee. I must go north and thou wilt go south, but my thoughts by night and day are with thee, my Juan. And my heart tells me that we shall meet again soon. And, Juanito, the Barbareñas are beautiful! Dios de mi alma! I shall burn with jealousy when I think of thy blue eyes resting And, Juanito, the Barbareñas are beautiful! Dios at mi aima: I shall burn with jealousy when I think of thy blue eyes resting softly upon the faces of other girls. And, O my darling, beware of de Castañeda! He has the heart of a devil, and the brain of a fox. He will kill thee—if he can. Our lady protect thee! The blessed Saints, may they watch over thee. Adios, adios!

"Thy MagDalena.

"See-I have kissed the cross that I have made (X). I

love thee, Juanito, as my heart tells me thou lovest me. Adios!

The little Indian girl gave me this dear billet, and smiled when I kissed it, thinking, doubtless, of the vaquero to whom she was betrothed, and of whose skill as a horseman she chattered glibly as she sat by my side keeping the flies from

Upon the third day His Excellency paid me a visit. He still limped, but told me that rheumatism had been exorcised by Pearson's strong drugs. As soon as we were alone he said

He spoke quietly, but a smile flickered round the corners of his finely-cut mouth. I knew what he meant. Estrada and de Castañeda were almost certain to espouse Carrillo's cause. I made no reply, having none pat, and His Excellency touched

my hand.
 "After all," he added kindly, "the gain, perhaps, outweighs the loss. One loyal friend is worth a regiment of

With such words he turned my respect and admiration for into a warmer sentiment. Doubtless he had taken my him into a warmer sentiment. Doubtless he had taken my measure, and clothed my nakedness—for I was feeling very lonely and ill—with a mantle cut by an artist and fashioned out of the stoutest cloth. Saint Martin, you may be sure, lined the half of the cloak he gave to the beggar with the silver of kindly speech.

Then he told me that de Castañeda had left Monterey in Estrada's company; that Castro was at the mission of San Miguel; that word had come to him (Alvarado) that Bustamente would support the victor, and that accordingly he had sent a despatch to Castro to win or lose a battle within fifteen days.

"Would that I were with him," I groaned, for confinement proved irksome to me.

Alvarado smiled.
"We will march together," he said, cheerily. "Did you see any good land up north?"
"Did I? Yes; thousands of leagues."
After that His Excellency honoured me with a daily visit,

After that His Excellency honoured me with a daily visit, and finding many topics of mutual interest—politics, literature, but never love—we soon became friends. Padre Quijas brought word from Vallejo, who still held aloof, sending his brother Salvador as proxy with a company of soldiers. The burly friar set himself soberly to work to make me a Catholic. I could not help laughing when he expounded the coctrines and dogmas of Rome, for I had been through the Tractarian Movement at Oxford, and was well prepared to meet him in argument. Alvarado, listening to us, said that Ouijas was a better swordsman than a listening to us, said that Quijas was a better swordsman than a logician, and the irate Quijas retorted, not unreasonably, that the señor gobernador was an iconoclast in danger of perdition. "I break no idols," said Alvarado; "but if they fall I do not

set them up again."

This proves that Alvarado was at heart a reformer even in matters spiritual. I have never met a man less tolerant of abuse, no matter how cunningly masked, nor one who despised more intensely humbug and hypocrisy.

Quijas obtained permission from the father superior of his order to march south with us. His hand was itching for the sword-hilt, while he talked solemnly of souls to be shrived upon the field of battle. Alvarado said little, but he made journeys to San Juan and Santa Clara, and neglected nothing that might ensure the success of what he hoped would prove a bloodless campaign.

Upon March 25th we took the field with a small body of Upon March 25th we took the field with a small body of soldiers and some civicos, and upon the 31st reached Buenavista, where we learned of Castro's victory at San Buenaventura. Of this famous battle it is sufficient to say that after "two days' continual firing"—I quote from Castro's report—the abajeños fled under cover of night. One man was killed: one man to an intolerable deal of powder burned. Castro captured seventy fugitives, with muskets and other arms, and took possession of the pueblo of Los Angeles upon April Fools' Day.

the pueblo of Los Angeles upon April Fools' Day.

We marched on very leisurely, eating a great deal of beef, and drinking many gallons of "tinto." I confess that I was disappointed with the turn matters were taking. My strength and energy had returned, and with them a burning desire to distinguish myself in the eyes of my chief. He always laughed when I talked in a Cambyses' vein, and, writing many letters, assured me that the pen was mightier than the sword. As his secretary, I saw not only the letters he sent but those he received, and amongst them one from the alcalde of Santa Barbara, in which mention was made of Lettice and Courtenay. "She has bewitched us all," he wrote, "and I learn that Santiago Castañeda is mad for love of her. He is here with his slit cheek——"Castañeda in Santa Barbara! The news troubled me.

A letter from Courtenay explained this and other matters.

A letter from Courtenay explained this and other matters.

"My dear Jack" (he wrote), "we heard of your duel with de Castañeda from the man himself. I must say that he speaks handsomely of you. The gossips have it-and Castañeda hinted as much to me-that the pretty Magdalena has ensiaved you. As for the scene in the church, the Mexican admits 'twas humiliating for him, but he adds that the marriage was one of convenience on both sides, and that for his part he has nothing to regret—except, I should imagine, that hideous scar upon his face. He is monstrous civil to Letty and me——"

This letter puzzled me. The Mexican's civility implied a ive. And I knew that Courtenay could be imposed upon:

motive. And I knew that Courtenay could be imposed upon: large blue eyes, I have noted, of a peculiar azure tint hold much dust. In a word, I was uneasy; the more so because duty chained me to my chief. I took Quijas into my confidence, but he cooled apprehension with common-sense, laying stress upon Letty's molesty and decorum, and the fact that the multitude of her admirers would prove a body-guard in case of need.

We joined forces with José Castro, and I accompanied Salvador Vallejo, who with his company was sent on in advance to occupy San Juan Capistrano. We had His Excellency's instructions to use, if possible, conciliatory means, but Salvador sent the abajeños a message saying that he would hang all who did not instantly surrender. They fled—to a man; and the soldiers, with drawn bayonets, rushed helter-skelter through the mission buildings, which held nothing more dangerous than some barrels of aguardiente!

barrels of aguardiente!

The battle of Las Flores followed: a battle in a bandbox. We had three interviews with Carlos Carrillo; hot encounters, but nothing was spilled save wine. Finally, upon April 23rd, a treaty was signed, by the terms of which Vallejo was recognised as comandante general, and Alvarado, virtually, as Governor, although it was agreed that for the time being Carrillo should act with him, pending the action of the departmental assembly. We then retraced our steps to San Fernando, eating, drinking, and making merry. I could see that Alvarado had Carrillo beneath his thumb, but, while we were calling together a convention of representatives from the different pueblos, José Antonio Carrillo and Pio Pico arrived, and, after more talk, constrained Don Carlos to return with them to Los Angeles.

"Carajo!" said Alvarado to me, "we shall have our work to do all over again. My uncle is a schoolboy. But José Antonio

It was plain by now that Don Carlos had proved himself a man of straw, possessed of none of the qualities necessary in a ruler. Alvarado, on the other hand, had commended himself to all by his suavity and resolution. But, of course, as my chief had predicted, the pranks began again, and finally led to the arrest of the chief offenders. We hunted for them high and low, finding Pio Pico tucked away beneath the madre of the tatanco (garret; the madre is the big mother beam that supports the roof), and José Antonio under a pile of hides. Pico was in his shirt, pallid and cold with terror, but José Antonio laughed gaily, and said that *hide* and seek was a sorry game for grown men. Well, Villaver cio and I escorted these hidalgos to Santa Barbara, where at last I met Letty and Courtenay.

We had got into town late, but, learning that a dance was being held at the house of the de la Guerras, and that Letty would surely be present, I slipped into the suit that Vallejo had given me and joined the revellers. The big sala was filled with dancers, but I could not see Letty, and was about to question my host, when Courtenay came up from behind and slapped me

on the back. Lord! how glad I was to see him! "Where is Letty?" said I.

"She is on the verandah with Castañeda."

I stared at him in amazement.

"Surely you know what gossip says of this squire of dames?"

"I don't believe a word of it. He's an accomplished fellow and a very good chap. He has forgiven you, as I wrote you."

He laughed, and ran off to dance with a very languishing dame.

dame. Alvarado was at the other end of the room, so I paid him my respects. I was afire with impatience to see Letty; but he laid his hand on my arm. We walked together into the patio.

"Are you ready to take the road again?" he asked. "Yes," said I.

"Will you ride to Sonoma?" "At once, your Excellency?"
He smiled.

"There is no hurry. But I am minded to send our prisoners to my uncle. José Castro wishes to despatch them to the — devil. They shall go instead to the comandante."

His lip flickered with humour, and I recalled some stories about Vallejo's cruelty, and remembered what he had said about

the Jew, Solomon.

"And now," he added, tapping me on the cheek, "enjoy yourself. You cannot go north yet. We must celebrate these glorious victories first."

I found my cousin and Castañeda on the front porch. two chairs seemed to me unnecessarily close together. "Letty," said I, "what welcome have you for me?"

She rose at once with a joyful cry, and opened her arms. A sister could have hugged a brother no harder. When she released me, Castaneda stepped forward, bowed, and offered his hand and a courteous phrase, both of which I was constrained to The Mexican bowed and left me alone with Letty. We sat down, and she gave me her slender hand.
"Dear John," she said fervently, "how glad I am to see you!"

"What! is the honeymoon over?"

Perhaps the question was indiscreet, but I had played gooseberry so often. She ignored it and said quietly: "I have missed you." Then, at her request, I recited my adventures, and she told me in return what had befallen her; but of Courtenay she said little, and of Castañeda still less, which alarmed me, for she was naturally of a frank and ingenuous disposition. The de la Guerra punch, however, unlocked old Mark's lips, and when Letty had gone to her hed. I got at the marrow of the matter.

Letty had gone to her bed, I got at the marrow of the matter.

"He has some of Sir Marmaduke's blood in his veins," said the Captain, filling the famous meerschaum we had given him. Then, in answer to a hot ejaculation from me, he con-

him. Then, in answer to a hot ejaculation from me, he continued: "It is nothing serious, and this work of ours is deadly monotonous. Ay, ay, it'll pass."

"What will pass?" I demanded impatiently.

"This love of pleasure, Jack. He leaves his wife too much alone, but, dammy, I love the lad."

"Nobody can help doing that," I replied, moodily. "Hang it! do you love Castañeda too?"

The old fellow answered rather sheepishly that the Mexican not without charm, and I retorted that as much and more

was not without charm, and I retorted that as much and more could be said of a rattlesnake.

"Well," said he, with a sly wink, "you know that the best of women—God bless 'em—have a weakness for sinners."

A protest would have been wasted. During the week that followed I spent many hours with Letty, and de Castañeda gave me sea room; when we met, smile encountered smile. The Heron sailed south again, and Courtenay promised that he would be the standard of the season of the sailed to be obstact. give less time to pleasure (which I found with relief to be abstract, not concrete) and more to duty. Old Jaynes—with an English-man's respect for rank—made the young gentleman's labours as light as possible, humouring and pampering a temperament that needed drastic treatment. Beneath soft and smiling skies Master Courtenay bid fair to become a selfish epicurean.

Master Courtenay bid fair to become a selfish epicurean.

And yet, who am I to throw even a pebble at him? If he worked too little, I assuredly worked too hard, consumed by ambition. My heart was in Magdalena's keeping, but my mind was busied with a thousand schemes. Nor did I write to the maid, but my name often figured in Alvarado's despatches to his uncle, and I may not repeat the kind things he said of me; giving me, indeed, credit that was not my due. Unhappily, as will appear shortly others were in correspondence with the will appear shortly, others were in correspondence with the autocrat of Sonoma, and some of them doubtless marked the attention I paid poor Letty, and drew therefrom conclusions most unwarrantable. I had smarted sorely on her account, and

was to smart still more, but after a different fashion.

About the middle of May Alvarado sent me north in charge of the prisoners. "Beware of José Antonio," he said at parting. "I doubt not that he will try to persuade the comandante that a jackass may be a lion." (He was speaking of Carlos Carrillo.)

"José is a sly dog," said I.

"For that reason he goes north. He shall not worry these

domestic fowls any longer, these stuffed chickens who only gobble and crow."

"Shall I return here, your Excellency?"

He laughed and held up a lean forefinger.

"You will return to Monterey at once. Nor can you expect the comandante to entertain you. Magdalena is in his care."

I looked glum, for he laughed again.

"Don't despair. There are many maidens in Alta

California."

"None so fair as Magdalena," I replied.
"She is an Estrada, my friend," he said pointedly.
"Your Excellency, I have her word for it that she is a Bandini.

(To be continued.)

COUNTRY GOSSIPS.—IV.

SINCE making some comments in one of these gossips on the apathy that the country-folk show about learning weather wisdom, I have been practically rebuked by one of them, who said to me, "I thought we should have some More Snow to-day, our old rooster was crowing so wonderful last night," and the Fulfilment of the Rooster's Prophecy came religiously to pass. This reminded me of Mr. Jorrocks and his

FIRST STAGES.

peacock Gabriel Junks. I have made some little enquiry since, and find it to be common knowledge of these folks that the "rooster" crows when rough weather is coming. So it shows that all men's needs and means are not the same. One has his that all men's needs and means are not the same. aneroid, Stillman has his glass—oil-flask inverted in water-bottle and for the rest of them there is the farmyard rooster. likely one has "just as much influence on the weather,

as we have heard it put, as another.

No doubt these folk have the intelligence appropriate to their own affairs, though it does not strike the stranger, unless he be of unusual appreciative power, as lumin-ous. We have a friend who has a valet, a London man, granted certain privileges of freedom of speech in virtue of long service. His comments on our country people are very edifying. "Hignorant, my lord," he said, in criticism of them to his master; "as hignorant as hasses, but a kindly people. As I hoften kindly people. As I hoften takes hoccasion to say, my lord, what does it matter where a man puts 'is haitches, so long as so be 'is 'eart's in the right place?" There is a maissty of merciful condescent. majesty of merciful condescen-sion about this that surely is

It was the same valet who was overheard at a shooting luncheon, asking his fellow-loaders that riddle, falsely attributed to Byron, about the letter "h," "Tis whispered, etc." But the manner of his posing the question may

of his posing the question made the solution far more subtle, seeing that it ran-

"Tis whispered in 'Eaven,
"Tis muttered in 'Ell."

I forget whether the names of these rival places are in capitals, one or both, in the original. As a child, I used to be rebuked if I wrote Heaven with a small "h," but was never taught to pay the like respect to the other name—a distinction that seems to maturer judgment, slightly invidious that seems, to maturer judgment, slightly invidious.

Our people do not make nearly as free as the Cockney with the letter "h," though their intelligence is no doubt less alert. It is seldom that they seem to exert their minds in efforts of reflection; and, indeed, one of the profoundest speculations that I have known to come from them was from the mouth of one who is accounted no more than "half saved," as they say, in intellect, running a good second for the honourable post of village

It is a characteristic of this poor fellow's conversation that it breaks into a subject with singular abruptness and by no gentle avenues, satisfied with the topic occupying his own with the topic occupying his own thought, and careless about leading his hearers into a like line before seriously broaching his conclusion. He came running up behind me in his shiftless way. "Very curious about this war," he said. "The Boers are very wicked men, yet Providence is fighting on their side. It's enough to make one scenside. It's enough to make one sceptical." He jerked out major, minor, and conclusion with perfect syllogistic faculty, confounding me not a little. And he was gone before I had recovered myself sufficiently to suggest that permyself sufficiently to suggest that per-haps one or other, possibly both, the premises required revision.

We in this country pride ourselves more than a little on the quality of the bricks that we are able to pro-This must not be taken as implying that we live on anything so deleterious as a "clay soil," an impu-tation from which all of us (except the cottage folk, who care for none of these things) are very careful to guard ourselves

with due jealousy. But there are pockets of useful clay in the land here and there out of which we bake bricks, and have some ambition, after sufficient experiment, to rival the famous roofing tiles of Staffordshire. In the meanwhile we are pleased with our humble bricks; but though the industry is an honest one, I cannot think it is very good for the workers. In the First Stages, more especially, the poor people, occupied in digging the clay out of the wet puddly field, look



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. FULFILMENT OF THE ROOSTER'S PROPHECY.

abjectly comfortless, and in fact the weaker of the diggers suffer a deal from rheumatic and neuralgic pains. One poor fellow, going about with his face severely swollen in all the cold weather going about with his face severely swollen in all the cold weather of February, told me: "These cold winds they does touch up my toothache awful." "Ah," I said, sympathetically, if a little incautiously, "are your teeth bad?" "No," said he; "that's where it is. That's where I can't understand the meaning of it. My teeth's splendid; and what's more, I've had four of 'em took out, and it haint done me a mite of good." And by way of

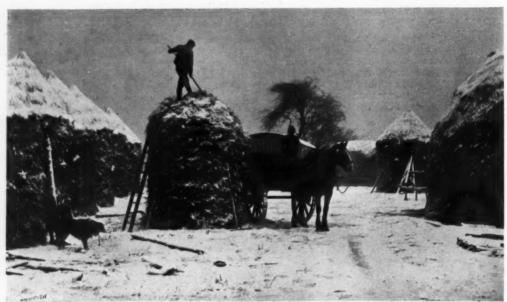
Prince why he took this interest in the Eddystone Lighthouse as if there were no others, and the Prince answered that it was because the Eddystone was represented on the penny. I confess that I had always known this,

confess that I had always known this, and it is somewhat surprising to find that Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff and a banker "with the eyes of a lynx" had never noticed it. Their souls presumably were above pennies, but I had not noticed what the Daily News states, that from pennies of recent date the lighthouse and the ship have

the lighthouse and the ship have disappeared, which is a great pity. A casual examination of the contents

of a pocket shows that these emblems of national greatness disappeared some-where between 1891 and 1896. Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill is a first-rate war correspondent, and he will be better still when he has realised will be better still when he has realised to the full the famous saying of Dr. Jowett that "all of us, even the youngest, are liable to error." He can describe a battle or the history of

a campaign as well as anybody now that Mr. George Steevens is dead. His account of his escape from Pretoria (although I frankly confess



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

MORE SNOW.

unimpeachable testimony he brought out of his pocket all the four, carefully wrapped in a piece of newspaper, and kindly permitted me to examine them. I was zealous to do so with fust appreciation, for I understood the permission to be highly honourable to me. I really believe that with a little pressing I could have persuaded him to give me one of them. But here was this unfortunate, who had suffered the pangs of neuralgia, and in consequence had had four perfectly sound and beautiful grinders, that many a rich man would have paid a king's ransom to have in his mouth, incontinently extracted! him I had only pity, and could but rebuke him for folly; but for the dentist who could be party to such a thing, what milder punishment than his own heinous pincers could inflict would fit his crime? Was it not monstrous? But, after all, my friend's pride in showing off these treasures (which he did not seem to think altogether lost, since he could carry them about with him in his pocket) compensated him for a great deal of what he had suffered.

The "more snow" that the rooster, descendant of Cassandra, prophesied only too truly, has come and it has gone, but it has been hard on the fleecy mothers just at this season, and one at

least of whom I know has succumbed to it, leaving three little orphans, candidates for the Queen's bounty, to be brought up On Charity. The mothers suffer, I think, more than the children in the hard weather.

Books of the Day.

ALL the world will welcome a further instalment of two volumes of "Notes from a Diary, 1886-1888," by Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff (John Murray). There seems, indeed, to be no reason why these delightful volumes, which are full of gentle amusement for the readers of to-day, and full of really profitable material for the social historian of the future, whenly not go on for ever or at any rate for should not go on for ever, or, at any rate, for some years to come. In this instalment, as in that which has gone before, there is little or nothing that is serious; but there is a rich crop of good stories, all of which were worthy to be of good stories, all of which were worthy to be placed on record for the benefit and the entertainment of this and future generations. These two volumes simply teem with them. There is the story, oddly enough, told to the diarist by Mrs. Storey, wife of the American sculptor, about Tennyson, and Mrs. Cameron and Miss Somers Cocks. Miss Somers Cocks appears to have been the person who, seeing the notice "Trespasiers will be prosecuted" outside Tennyson's grounds, remarked "There is not much poetic licence here." Mrs. Cameron, again, it was who, when Tennyson had repulsed Miss Somers Cocks and her American friends, observed that the American contingent had crossed the ocean to find a lion and had met a bear.

American friends, observed that the American contingent had crossed the ocean to find a lion and had met a bear.

Mrs. Storey, again, appears to be responsible for the excellent anecdote of Pio Nono and Odo Russell. The Pope was remonstrated with because he showed so much favour to one who was not of the Roman Catholic faith. "True it is," said the Pope, "he is not a good Catholic, but he is the worst of Protestants." Then there is rather a nice little story of the Prince of Wales and the penny. It shows us the Prince of Wales talking to Captain Webb, of the Trinity House, and showing deep interest in the Eddystone Lighthouse to the exclusion of all others. Captain Webb, much puzzled, at last asked the

Copyright Copyright (A Tale of the Revolution in Laurania" (Longmans), he has proved, about as conclusively as by one book a man can prove, that he has not the creative genius of the novelist, or any of it. Mr. Anthony Hope's "Ruritania" is quite a sufficient excuse for introducing into a novel imaginary States and imaginary places; but the excuse avails only when, the initial improbability having been swallowed, the resulting story wears an air of *vraisemblance*, when the characters seem to be more or less human, and when the atmosphere is light. It cannot be said that "Savrola" fulfils these conditions. No character in the whole book lives. The reader constantly says to himself, "How can all these strange persons have come together in any conceivable place?" The reader is constantly on the look-out for good sayings, and he looks in vain. On the other hand, the on the look-out for good sayings, and he looks in vain. On the other hand, the descriptions of the street fighting, a subject which the author thoroughly understands, are full of life and vigour. Only you cannot make a whole story out of a series of street fights. One incident in the book is distinctly novel. Lieutenant Tiro, a light-hearted young officer, who is, perhaps, the most lifelike of Mr Churchill's creations, escapes from the palace by the te'ephone wires, leaning his arms upon the topmost wire and placing his feet on the lowest. This may be fantastic, but it is rather entertaining in its originality.

On the other hand, a story by Miss Adeline Sergeant is always enjoyable. She is not of the first rank, but she has the power of construction. She can write—which is more than all so-called novelists can do—and she can write with feeling. That is the impression left after reading her last book, entitled "A Rise in the World" (F. V. White and Co.). The beginning is improbable, but stranger things have happened. Lionel Wyndham, a somewhat unstable



ON CHARITY.

young man of fashion, with an opening in the dip omatic service, marries a nursemaid in some lodgings which he inhabits during the absence of his mother abroad. His mother may be described roughly as a more or less great lady, given to good works and really good by nature. She discovers the mesalliance with the girl Lizzy, who appears to be a hopeless slattern, with nothing but her love for Lionel to recommend her, and takes her home. Dress and care, and the really beautiful nature of the girl, however, do wonders. She turns out to be quite beautiful in body and mind. Then Lionel goes abroad, leaving his wife in his mother's charge; and the mother dies, and Lizzy—or Elizabeth as she now is—is thrown on the tender mercy of Lady Arscott. Lady Arscott is the mother of Guendolen, who had always desired to marry Lionel, and had

vowed an eternal vengeance on Elizabeth. Lady Arscott also has charge of the two sons of Lord Meryon, who alone stand between Lionel and the title. Allied with Guendolen is the male villain of the book—Pierce Homfray—who compels with Guendolen is the male villain of the book—Pierce Homfray—who compels her to marry him by using his knowledge of her crime against her. And the rime really is a very mean one, for one of the Meryon children meets with an accident, and Elizabeth undertakes to watch the child and to obey the doctor's orders that it shall have no food under any circumstances; and Guendolen, insinuating that Elizabeth is not to be trusted with the child, since she has an interest in its death, shares the watch, and in the absence of Elizabeth, without any real evil intent, gives the child chocolate. The child, of course, dies.

Guendolen puts the chocolate in Elizabeth's drawer, and Elizabeth is suspected of murder. At the same time comes the news that Lionel has been killed in a landslip in India. The one supporter of Elizabeth since Mrs. Wyndham's death has been Max Irwin, the doctor and Lionel's friend, who in due course falls in love with Elizabeth and she with him. Then when who in due course falls in love with Elizabeth and she with him. Then when all is going right, Lionel must needs turn up in the capacity of Enoch Arden. His mind is immediately poisoned by Guendolen, who represents Elizabeth as a murderess; he is fiercely angry with Elizabeth for having thought of a second marriage, and he lingers on for some time in a hopeless state of illness, showing marked unkindness to Elizabeth, who nurses him devotedly. The end is, so to speak, a tableau. Guendolen repents, she confesses her misdeeds to Lionel, Elizabeth forgives everybody, including Guendolen, Lionel gives Elizabeth to Max Irwin on his death-bed, and after a little time Irwin and Elizabeth live happily ever afterwards. It must be confessed, however, that there are a good many complications before the happiness comes. The story is a good one. Assume it to be possible to extract from a Kensington lodging. is a good one. Assume it to be possible to extract from a Kensington lodging-house a nursemaid with the latent potentialities of a character so pure and strong as that of Elizateth, and the remainder is well worked out on the whole. One does not entirely like the Enoch Arden business. But that sort of thing, though rare, happens often enough to justify its introduction into a novel; and, having been introduced, it is worked out in its consequences with more than common skill. At any rate, I, for one, have found the book eminently readable. One word more. This brief analysis of the plot cannot, even with the help of a few critical epithets, give an idea of Miss Sergeant's method in writing so well as a short extract can, and the following extract is selected, not as an example of the manner in which Miss Sergeant can describe passion or strong feeling, but of the skill with which she can bring before us an unpleasant social scene. It comes early in the book, when Elizabeth is fresh caught, so to speak, and when the knowledge of her existence is broken in a very sudden and unexpected way on Guendolen, who is calling on Mrs. Wyndham. It is, I think, a truthful representation of how a real Guendolen would have behaved, not overdrawn, and yet a cruel satire on society. Here it is: as that of Elizabeth, and the remainder is well worked out on the whole. One

Is Mrs. Wyndham not in, Simmonds?"

"I'll enquire, sir," said Simmonds, respectfully. Then in the softest tone ommon-place, "I think she must be in, sir, for she went out with Mrs. of common-place, "I think she must be in, sir, for she went out with Lionel, and Mrs. Lionel is just coming downstairs.

"Infernal impertinence!" muttered Lionel, as the man left the room.

Max looked at him oddly and tightened his lips.

Guendo'en burst into a d'scordant peal of laughter.
"Mrs. Lionel! Who on earth does he mean? Have you a visitor of that name in the house?"

Lionel made no answer. He was gazing at the door with an expression

which struck Max as one of extreme dread. Whether he heard Guendolen's question or not could not be determined. He certainly took no notice of it. And a moment later Simmonds slowly pushed open the door to admit a girl whom Guendolen Arscott had never seen before. But Max had. He rose to his feet in uncontrollable dismay. He had a good memory

He rose to his feet in uncontrollable dismay. He had a good memory or faces, and in spi'e of the change in the girl's appearance he knew her at once for Elizabeth Clarke, the little drudge against whom he had once cautioned Lionel at Mrs. Runciman's lodgings. But Guendolen, who knew nothing, stared in amaze. Elizabeth's light hair, parted and drawn stiffly back from her forehead, was frightful in Miss Arscott's eyes. Her neat little dress was painfully dowdy besides the elaborate lace and ribbons of Miss Arscott's fashionable gown.

"New companion?" said Guendolen, in an undertone, raising her eye-

New companion?" said Guendolen, in an undertone, raising her eye-

brows as she looked at Lionel, with a derisive laugh.

Max drew in his breath quickly. He divined the truth all in an instant, and he trembled involuntarily for the three—for Lionel's weakness, for Instant, and he trembled involuntarily for the three—for Library washiess, for Elizabeth's ignorance, for Guendolen's arrogant contempt of everything below her standard of conventional propriety.

"I must introduce you," said Lionel, flushing to his temples, and then turning rather white. "Guendolen, this is my wife. Elizabeth, this is my

turning rather white.

cousin, Miss Arscott."

Elizabeth had advanced to him with a helpless look. She was very pale, and stooped awkwardly—from physical weakness, Max surmised, as he glanced at her. She had the air of a person who had come through an illness.

"This is some joke!" said Guendolen, starting up with an attempt at a laugh, although her face was very pale. "Lionel, how foolish you are! Who is this—this young lady?"

Her voice was full of scoun, as her eyes travelled over Elizabeth's face

and figure. Evidently it was an effort to speak with anything like common politeness, and Lionel, although nerving himself to uphold his own action, was as confused and as irresolute as he could well be

Max Irwin, seizing the truth as confused and as irresolute as he could well be Max Irwin, seizing the truth at once, with the peculiar promptness that characterised him was extremely sorry for everyone concerned, and was just about to throw himself into the breach when Elizabeth opened her lips.

"I am Lionel's wife," she said, meeting Guendolen's scornful eyes steadily. She was trembling in every limb, but she kept her voice firm. "It's not a joke, not at all. I helped to nurse him when I was nursemaid at Mis. Runciman's, and he married me."

"Good Heavens! what moral courage!" thought Max. "Or is it only ignorance? She was always a stupid girl; but she's twice the min that Lionel is, after all. But what will Guendolen do?"

Guendolen had risen to her feet, splendid in her wrath, quivering with

Guendolen had risen to her feet, splendid in her wrath, quivering with

"This is most extraordinary!" she said. "Is Aunt Mary here? She ought to be here. You ought to have announced your marriage properly, Lionel, if you wish peop'e to receive your wife, though after the very curious way in which she has introduced herself, I don't see how you can possibly

"In that case we must do without people," said Lionel, recovering himself under the lash of her bitter tongue. "My wife and I are quite capable of that,

I am sure."

"Are you ready, Max?" said Guendolen, turning her head superbly towards her cousin. "I think you might take me to the Savoy. I will see Aunt Mary another time."

COTTAGES LABOURERS. FOR

HE true aims of a newspaper may be said to have been most completely secured when it has got seisin, to use the old legal phrase of a topic which is not merely interesting to its readers, but

also capable of being discussed in such a manner that prac-tical service may be rendered by the discussion. Emphatically such a subject is that which is outlined in the title of this article, and it may be well to state briefly the manner in which the question has grown to its present proportions. First, the proprietor saw Dr. Bussell's letter concerning the Shetland cottages in the Spec-tator, and directed the attention of the editor to it. Since the subject was obviously one of the highest order of importance, the editor immediately communicated with Dr. Bussell, who was kind enough to permit the publication of his plans. Correspondence, not a tithe of which has been published, streamed in from all parts of the country. It contained evidence with the country of the country. dence of every kind of difference of opinion, but it all tended to show that the main subject was of paramount interest, and the whole of it, but the valuable letter of "Country Landlord" in particular, made it clear that Country Life could do no better work than

that of endeavouring to give to its readers some practical assistance towards the *soluti* of this vital question. Nor could this be done better than by producing plans for country



THE FRONT.

cottages which, while on the one hand they should meet all the requirements of the Board of Agriculture, should on the other hand be serviceable, economical, and framed with a due regard to artistic principle. With this conviction formed firmly, we approached Mr. C. H. B. Quennell, an architect with whose work our readers are pleasantly familiar, and Mr. Lutyens, whose work is exceedingly well known, with a request that they would work out for us some serviceable plans which would comply with the conditions which had been laid down; and this first article, intended to be absolutely practical, is founded on Mr. Quennell's plans and on his observations. A second article will follow.

The particular difficulty which Mr. Quennell has set himself

The particular difficulty which Mr. Quennell has set himself to solve is one which is very widely prevalent. He does not address himself to the rich landowner, with a large income coming from other sources than the land, whose "pleasure in building palatial mansions for his fortunate labourers is only exceeded by their joy in having such comfortable places to live in." This phrase is hardly prudent, for our experience, which is fairly wide, is that the landlord who overhouses his labourers not only receives little or no gratitude in return, but is also regarded as a tyrant if he prohibits the presence of that frequently objectionable person, the lodger. But he does address himself to that far larger class of estate owners who, if they build cottages at all, must build on borrowed money, and must satisfy the requirements of the Board of Agriculture and of the Lands Improvement Company, which was incorporated by statute in 1853 and in 1863 for the purpose of advancing money to landowners in Great Britain for all agricultural and general improvements of landed property, the outlay being charged on the property to be benefited and to be repaid by way of annuity spread over the period determined by the Board of Agriculture. This period may now extend over forty years, and it may be taken that the cottages here shown and described would certainly comply with the requirements of the board.

Before dealing, however, with the plans in detail it may be convenient to explain the terms on which the money could be borrowed. First, what money would be required? Well, the materially. But let us suppose the cost to be £560, and then we will, with the aid of the help given by Mr. Granville C. Ryder, managing director of the Lands Improvement Company, to Mr. Quennell, consider how the sum works out. When the plans and specifications have been submitted to the board, they decide, according to the quality of the work outlined, what the period of repayment shall be. That is to say, if it be 40 years the repayment will be at the rate of £4 16s. 11d. per cent. per annum; if 35 years, £5 3s. 1d.; if 30 years, £5 11s. 7d.; if 25 years, £6 4s. Taking the period of 40 years, the landowner would have to pay £27 2s. 8d. per annum. He would receive "at least 2s. 6d. per week from each cottage"—in some districts possibly more—or £26 a year. "The owner thus, during the period of repayment, is only £1 2s. 8d. out of pocket, plus maintenance, every year." We are inclined to commend this sentence, which is really quite sensible, to the attention of those who speak of the bloated capitalists of landlords. After paying £1 2s. 8d. out of pocket for forty years, and after bearing the uncertain cost of maintenance, and after running the risk of having no tenants on occasion, the estate is the better by four cottages forty years old. Yet really, philanthropy apart, the estate has made a good bargain, for the indirect benefit of the presence of the labourers is an advantage, and their absence, which must have been faced otherwise, would have involved serious depreciation in the value of the property. The cottages are in the nature of a pension for insurance against depreciation.

Now, the plans and elevations, which we take to be distinctly pleasing, shown herewith incorporate the general requirements which the company, in the course of long experience, have found to be necessary. These plans in large measure speak for themselves, but some little explanation of them may be added in Mr. Quennell's own words: "The living-rooms are provided with a cooking range, or a fireplace can be arranged in the wash-house in addition to the copper; this latter arrangement, however, tends to make the living-room into a parlour, used only on high days and domestic festivals. It seems better that the room should be generally used for cooking and dining, leaving the wash-house

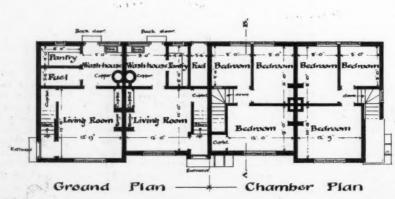


Front Elevation.



Side .

Design for Labourers' Collages Seale of Fact 19 09 C.H.B. Quennell, Architect, 17 Victoria St., Westminster





Section A.B.

plans and specifications have been submitted to that very practical builder, Mr. John P. White, of Bedford, who has consulted another builder of long experience who agrees with him substantially. Mr. White's estimate is that within the borough of Bedford, the cost, including offices and fencing, would be £560, taking materials at the present price. If they were built within a few miles of Bedford, and two or three miles from a railway station, the cost would be increased by from £10 to £15 a cottage, and local circumstances, such as the absence of a brickyard or sandpit in the neighbourhood, might raise the price still further. Similarly, to build in a stone district, where bricks were not obtainable, or at a seaside resort, would increase the price

for its proper use. A pantry with good shelves for food and fuel store open out of the wash-house. There is also a good cupboard under the stairs. An earth closet and ash-pit for each cottage would be built in the garden in two blocks of two each, and, though not shown on the plans, are included in the estimate. A baking oven is not found to be necessary in these days of cheap bread, except in isolated districts, when one can be arranged to serve more than one cottage, built in the same block as the outside offices. On the first floor three bedrooms are shown—two with fireplaces—to admit of the proper division of the sexes, this being an absolute requirement of the Board of Agriculture. The stairs are disconnected from the bedrooms by

a small lobby. The floors to the ground floor could be tiled, with boarded floor to the bedrooms, the joinery inside would be plain but substantial, with all cupboards, etc., fitted with shelves. The external elevations would be worked out as simply as possible, with red bricks and tiles for roof, the windows and casements divided with bors and hung in solid frames. If one must talk of divided with bars and hung in solid frames. If one must talk of style, the one adopted here is that to be found in all the older cottages and farmhouses all over the country. In a stone county naturally stone would be used." These, then, are Mr. Quennell's

plans of four cottages in a row for £560, and if the row were longer the cost per cottage would be proportionately less, or if the cottages were built in pairs the cost per cottage would be proportionately more. Speaking frankly, the designs appear to be substantial and pleasing, but our experience of this subject leads to the suspicion that criticism on points of detail will not be wanting; and, surely, the more of it the better, for the question, which is of grave importance, stands in need of thorough ventilation. ventilation.



AT. THE THEATRE

last we have "Cyrano seen de Bergerac' in English; belated though it is, it is very belated welcome. It was such a slur on our artistic enterprise that a dramatic work which almost universally regarded as the most important of our decade

should have to wait years before an opportunity was provided for its appearance in the vernacular.

A visit to Dublin was necessary to make the acquaintance of the English version of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Mr. Charles Wyndham promises to produce it at his theatre in London ere very long; but, meanwhile, we have been formally introduced to it in Ireland. Frankly speaking, we were disappointed. It was probably nobody's fault, but was due to the nature of the piece itself—but we were disappointed. It seemed, in seeing the play in French, and in reading it, that it were easy to transfer it into our native tongue without losing more than a very little of its charm. We were mistaken. Despite the fact that the translation of Mr. Stuart Ogilvie and Mr. Louis Parker is as good as possible—that the ballades and so on are done into English with literary grace and spirit, and that the dialogue is as well written as it is possible for dialogue changed from one language to another to be; despite the fact that the performance of Mr. Charles Wyndham had a very great deal indeed which one can praise unreservedly—the truth remains that "Cyrano" in its English guise has lost a great part of its savour and a very large part of its charm. Why is this?

Why is this? In all likelihood it is because the play is at heart and on the surface so thoroughly, so typically French. It is in its "atmosphere," in its appeal to the traditions and manners and sentiment of France, that its overwhelming success in its native land is due. The French playgoer is steeped in the legend of "Cyrano de Bergerac," in the curious literary sentiment of the "precieuse," in the historic gallantry of the Gascons, in the curious mixture of poetry and martial qualities which were united in the heroes of old France. All these, united with the grace and spirit and wit and pathos of the verse, made "Cyrano" the success of the generation in the country of its

birth, and deservedly the success of its generation.

But to us in England none of these things apply. Our theatre is not one of the homes of literature as it is in France. Literary beauty with them excuses lack of dramatic action; and in "Cyrano" there is a very great deal of literary words to a very small quantity, comparatively speaking, of dramatic deeds. We, unlike them, have no standard by which to judge Cyrano de We, unlike them, have no standard by which to judge Cyrano de Bergerac other than the standard by which we judge any other hero of the romantic drama. The "precieuse" is unknown to us. How foreign it all is, is proved by the fact that the adaptors have been able to find no better word in English for "precieuse" than "exquisite." There is no better word, and yet it is "not a bit like it." A "precieuse" was a young lady who dabbled in literature, who inspired sonnets to her beauty, and who chose her lovers, not so much for the warmth of their passion as her lovers. their facility in the expression of that passion in verse. She was an amateur in rhymes and rhythms. An exquisite, of course, means to us a dandy of the old days; a man exquisite in dress. A small point like this shows how difficult was the task of the adaptors, how far apart is the point of view of the two nations. For if a language, after many years, has failed to incorporate a

foreign term, or has failed to find a synonym for it, it proves that the people speaking that language have rever had the use for such a word, because they have never had to express its meaning. Another its meaning. Another small point, on the other

hand, to demonstrate the loss of meaning which is bound to occur in the translation of the wit and humour from one side of the Channel to the other. "Salade," in French, is not only a salad, it is a form of helmet. When the cadets of Gascony are starving, and Cyrano holds out his helmet and tells one of them that here is his salad, there is a jest in it. But there can be no jest in it in English. These are but little straws showing which way the wind blows. "Cyrano" but little straws showing which way the wind blows. "Cyrano" is great because of the manner of its telling, and that telling must suffer infinitely in a foreign garb. We have not the translation of Messrs. Ogilvie and Parker before us, but we have that of Mesdames Gladys Thomas and M. F. Guillemard. We turn to it to discover their English for c'est mon panache. This is what we find: "It is my panache." Quite so. But if we can get no nearer to the beauty of the thing than this, how much of the beauty do we not lose? "Panache" has no equivalent in our towards it would require a whole sentence the expression. our tongue; it would require a whole sentence to express its meaning, and then most of its meaning would not be there. As with this example, so with the greater part of the play.

Rostand's story, of course, need not be told at this time of He has taken a big nose and made it the theme of an epic. He has made the nose witty, lovable, glorious. He has rounded it with sentiment, with valour, with self-sacrifice. He has surhas made a big nose the centrepiece of a great dramatic poem. The hero who possesses it fights for it, loves in spite of it, relinquishes his love because of it. The man with the big nose stands forth as a hero of romance, a Bayard, a Gallahad. the beauty, the spirit, and the majesty of Rostand's words we are made to forget it, to admire, to love, the ugly Cyrano. That

is the author's triumph.

as the author's triumph.

As for the acting, we prefer to wait until the appearance of the play in London. There are so many disadvantages attending a country performance that it is hardly fair to ask it to stand the brunt of criticism. But Mr. Wyndham makes us hope that his Cyrano will be a noticeable achievement. He gives to the part a deeper sentiment than M. Coquelin suggested, and this is a great thing to do. M. Coquelin, admirable and masterly as was his performance, showed us but a part of the tragedy beneath the surface. In that wonderful scene under the balcony where the surface. In that wonderful scene under the balcony where he is prompting the man who has won the woman Cyrano loves, and teaching him how to woo, M. Coquelin might really have been enjoying the joke. Not so Mr. Wyndham. We note the suffering beneath the jest. Nor does the English actor lack the lightness, the devilry of the character. Miss Mary Moore was a charming Roxane.

HE performance of "Richard II." by the Benson company at the Lyceum was so admirable, compared with what we have seen before, that one can only hope that their later manner is their true manner, and that their former disappointing methods were due to nervousness or something. Or perhaps the strictures of the newspapers have had something to do with it; although, of course, no management on earth would ever admit that. At any rate, "Richard II." gives us the opportunity for which we have been waiting, in spite of what the cynics may say, the opportunity for praising heartily the work of an organisation. the opportunity for praising heartily the work of an organisation

the aims and earnest endeavours of which have always had our

sincerest sympathy.

There is fire, life, and vigour in the representation. good declamation without rant, light and shade, careful mounting without pretentiousness or weak attempts to rival the productions of permanent London managements which spend months of time of permanent London managements which spend months of time and thousands of pounds in the preparation of revivals of Shakespeare. We want nothing better than the sound, virile, spirited acting and elocution of Mr. Frank Rodney, as Bolingbroke; of Mr. Oscar Asche, as Mowbray; than the artistic portrait of Gaunt as shown by Mr. Warburton; the youthful impetuosity of the Hotspur of Mr. Harcourt Williams; the pathetic Queen of handsome Miss Lily Brayton.

Excellent individually, the company act together admirably; there are no pauses, no hiatuses—everything goes with a swing and a smoothness creditable to all, and especially creditable to Mr. Benson himself, who, one supposes, is responsible for the It is with genuine regret that one is unable to

praise him as an actor.

*HE important announcement made by Mr. Tree of a new play to be produced in the autumn having for its central figure Benvenuto Cellini, the greatest master in his own sphere the world has ever known, came as a surprise to playgoers, for it was pretty generally assumed that Mr. Tree had determined on another elaborate Shakespearian revival at Her Majesty's Theattefter "Rip Van Winkle"—still further, that "The Merchant of Venice" had been decided upon. However, we believe that the next Shakespearian revival will be that play, though works by other authors-may intervene. "Benvenuto Cellini" decided upon. However, we believe that the next Shakespearian revival will be that play, though works by other authors-may intervene. "Benvenuto Cellini" has been announced in such a manner that a spice of mystery has been added which gives zest to the imagination of an inquisitive public. Who is this author, "a prominent figure in literary and dramatic circles," who, though a writer of "much-discussed novels," has "not yet written for the stage"?

The figure of the great Italian artist should give Mr. Tree the chance for another of those romantic figures he loves so well. Though the incidents of the play have the solid backbone of historic truth, the author has in no wise restricted himself—or herself—to facts, but has woven into the play a love story which

play have the solid backbone of historic truth, the author has in no wise restricted himself—or herself—to facts, but has woven into the plot a love story which provides the dominating in:erest, as of course it should do. The period of Cellini's life is that of his exile in France, when many stirring things took place. A drama of the Renaissance—the time is that of the sixteenth century—allows picturesque elements without limit, which, of course, will be fully utilised at Her Majesty's.

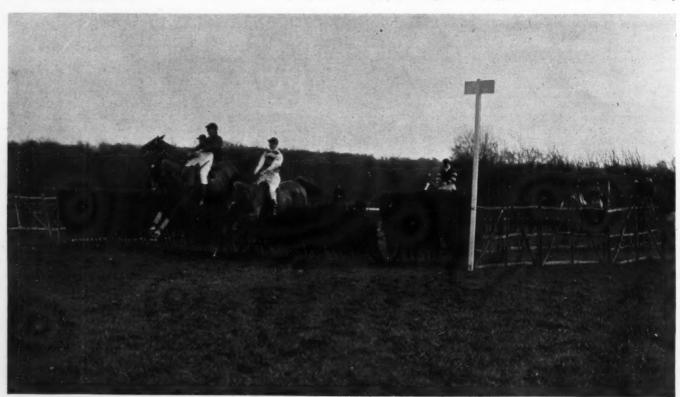
Mr. Alexander, too, makes an interesting announcement of a change of programme at the St. James's. Mr. Walter Frith's play, "A Man of Forty," which Mr. Alexander produced some time ago in the country during his provincial tour, is to be staged almost at once. The accounts we received at the time seem to promise us a well-written and dramatic play of modern life. If it is well written (and of this, at least, there can be but little doubt) and dramatic, it will be very welcome, for modern plays of value—unless they be of the psychological or foreign pessimistic school—are very rare, and for the most dramatic, it will be very welcome, for modern plays of value—unless they be of the psychological or foreign pessimistic school—are very rare, and for the most part are of the satirical comedy class. We want more pieces of the "Captain Swift," the "Jim the Penman," the "Fedora," and "Diplomacy" kind. Costume romance is having it too much its own way; and, while "Magdas" and the like are always welcome and delightful, we are eclectic enough to wish for more examples of the "drawing-room melodrama" style of piece—vigour, high, but not gaudy, colouring, vice and virtue, put before us without rhodomontade, without impossibilities or extraordinary coincidences ("Captain Swift" notwithstanding), with restraint and with elegance of language. That, Mr. Frith, is what we hope you have provided.

Mr. Alexander, of course, will have around him a fine band of players, among them being Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Aubrey Smith, Mr. Eadie, Mr. Bonnin, Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Esmé Beringer, Miss Granville, Mrs. Mæsmore Morris, Miss Julie Opp, and Miss Fay Davis.

"Society's Verdict," by another author who prefers to remain anonymous, to be produced for a short run at the Shaftesbury Theatre, promises excitement enough in all conscience. There is an officer in the Army who, wrongfully accused of cheating at cards, has to go into obscurity, changing his name, that his children may be kept in ignorance of his disgrace, and who, ere his troubles are over, is suspected by his son of being a thief, is accused of murder, and has some harrowing moments in connection with a guillotine. Nevertheless, we are assured that all this is shown in polished and natural manner, and has nothing in common with melodrama of the oleographic type. An interesting company has been engaged, including Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Luigi Lablache, Miss Constance Collier, and Miss Le Thiere.



OTHING shows more clearly how great was the strain on the feelings of prople caused by the war than the way the attendance at race-meetings has recovered since the news has been good. No one seemed to have any has recovered since the news has been good. No one seemed to have any heart for chasing and hurdle-racing, which are, indeed, games of which the soldiers are chief supporters. When I fancy a horse for a big race I like when possible to see him at home, and by the kindness of Mr. Arthur Yates I paid Romanoff a visit last week. He is a very taking brown horse, with a beautiful shoulder, and though handsome—many people say he is too good-looking—he appears to me to have a hard wear-and-tear look about him. The horse will be very fit, and is doing a lot of good work. On the morning I saw him he had done a good gallop, but he was as calm and quiet in his box as though he had just come in from a walk. This will not be the last opportunity I shall have of writing about the great steeplechase event of the year, and, therefore, beyond saying that still believe in Romanoff's chance, and that the ways of the stable in which Manifesto and Drogheda are trained are so far beyond me, I offer no opinion. The racing which has come off lately has been good, and one very enjoyable Hunt Meeting at Rugby may be marked for especial notice, both on account of the good sport enjoyed and excellent management. A large attendance of people is always seen at Rugby, and more than fifty horses took part in the races. The of the good sport enjoyed and excellent management. A large attendance of people is always seen at Rugby, and more than fifty horses took part in the races. The course was a good one, on Mr. P. A. Muntz's property at Dunsmore, and the sport was excellent. The new Master of the Cottesmore won the Hunt Plate, of three miles, with Ben Oss, Mr. Sidney, who used to be well known in Mr. Fernie's hunt, riding a capital race. In the Selling Steeplechase Plate, Miss Morrison, ridden by Mr. George Miller, of polo fame, showed a good turn of speed at the finish. She was sold to Mr. Mitchell for 215 guineas, but as that gentleman's horse, Bunthorne, ran second, the selling price was £100. The mare is useful, so it will be seen that she was not an expensive purchase. We had again to congratulate Mr. Horton on winning the Farmers' Plate with Hollyhurst; the same owner won it last year. The Messrs. Pratt are evidently convinced that it is wise to offer good inducements to owners of hurdle-racers and steeplechase horses. At Gatwick the added money amounted to £3,500, which is quite a large sum. There was a £1,000 race on each day. On Tuesday the Tantivy Steeplechase was won easily by Ship Shape, who, by the betting, had many supporters. There was, however, more quality



W. A. Rouch.

THE WHYTELEAFE HURDLE PLATE.

in the big race of the second day, the International Hurdle Race. Count Schomberg was naturally made a strong favourite on his recent naturally made a strong favourite on his recent form over hurdles. There was also in the race Friary, and it was very doubtful if the Count could give him 14lb. The event proved he could not, and the result was fought out between Tornado II. (a good winner this season) and Friary, the latter having always the best of the race after the last hurdle. This was one of the most interesting races of the season. It was marred by the fatal accident to Mr. A. Gold's useful horse Villiers, which broke its leg and had to be destroyed. In the Coulsdon Hurdle Race, won by Katabasis, Sicily Queen came out had to be destroyed. In the Coulsdon Hurdle Race, won by Katabasis, Sicily Queen came out as a reformed character. Evidently the change to Bishop's Sutton has done her good. She has now run several times without bolting, and goes quite kindly in her work. If she would only take to trying in a race she will not have been a bad purchase. There is no doubt she can go if she likes. Accompanying this article are two illustrations of the sport at Lingfield, which was fairly well attended, and brought out some good fields, although it was, perhaps, thrown a little in the shade by the great event which preceded it. To turn to flat-racing prospects, there is very little to add to what I wrote last week, except to note that Sir Geoffrey has been tried and backed substantially since, a

has been tried and backed substantially since, and that Damocles has made his appearance as a possible candidate. He is a good horse, but I should beat some of the others so early in the season. not expect him to now plain that J. Waugh means to depend on Survivor, and it may be inferred that he believes in the horse to some extent.

It makes us feel that the racing season is at hand when we hear men discussing the Derby horses. On the whole, now the three year olds have come out of their winter seclusion, I incline to like Forfarshire and Diamond come out of their winter seclusion, I incline to like Forfarshire and Diamond Jubilee the best, with a slight leaning to the Prince's horses. St. Nydia, a very smart filly as a two year old, has been spoken of as a possible Derby candidate. I doubt her running, and smart as she was, she has not quite grown as much as could be wished. To return, however, to Diamond Jubilee, he has, it is said, got the better of his infirmities of temper. This being granted, he has all the look of a Derby horse, being a very well-balanced colt. He has grown, but not over-grown, and is, in fact, just about the right size. Forfarshire is doing well, but he wants much time and patience to get him fit. At all events, we shall not see him out before the Derby. Democrat will, of course, have many followers, but he does not impress me quite so favourably as ei her Forfarshire or Diamond Jubilee, although, of course, he was better than the Prince's colt when they were two years old. But the winter makes a great deal of difference, all the wide distance between a good colt and a great horse.

I have been asked to remind readers that the Melton Hunt Steeplechases will take place at Burton Lazars on Wednesday, April 4th. The farmers always look forward to this meeting, and I am glad that the resolution to abandon it was not carried out. I showed the large portrait of Flying Fox to a friend who is at once a lover of horses and an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and his verdict was, "Not merely a good photograph, but the best likeness of a horse

verdict was, "Not merely a good photograph, but the best likeness of a horse that has ever been taken; there is so much character in it which is so difficult to get.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BUDGET AND THE DOG TAX.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—Having always been brought up to believe that the Field was the friend of "the friend of man," I began to read with interest in a recent issue a letter under the above title beginning with the words "I, and no doubt thousands of other taxpayers, am disappointed to find that no alteration in the dog tax is content of the country of the coun other taxpayers, am disappointed to find that no alteriation in the dog tax is contemplated," and I expected the correspondent to continue, albeit at an inopportune time, the argument that dogs ought not to be taxed so highly. Imagine my horror when I read on to find that, with a view to keep down the number of dogs, the tax should be raised to ros. for the first dog and £I for each additional one kept by the same owner. This was backed by an argument in which every essential statement was contrary to fact. "Amongst the luxurious classes, where the intellect is frequently enfeebled for want of actions one outlet is still processory for its puved progress and conversible to show. Inxurious classes, where the intellect is frequently enleebled for want of action, some outlet is still necessary for its unused energies, and apparently it has been found in a morbid desire to produce monstrosities of every conceivable kind, and especially among dogs. The more unnatural they are the more they are worshipped. In all Nature there is nothing more beautiful than a wild animal in the full possession of all its faculties living in the midst of its natural environment. Such an animal is the outcome of a long line of ancestors which have survived in the struggle for existence during countless centuries, and by reason of such hard and ceaseless struggle has become the embodiment of all that is useful and beautiful both in symptom of form and easy grace in motion. that is useful and beautiful, both in symmetry of form and easy grace in motion.

Contrast such an animal with the excessively ugly and brutal monstros ties to be seen daily in our streets and parks, and say if the latter are not an outrage on public taste and ought to be taxed accordingly." The first sentence in this extract may be passed on one side. It comes under the lawyer's description of "mere abuse." As to the second statement, all I can say is that the wild dog is an altogether horrid beast, and that the monstrosities among dogs, which, personally, I do not defend, are for the most part the result of the unaided efforts of Nature. No breeder, even of fancy breeds, ever attempts to produce monstrosities, although he may buy them in foreign lands as curiosities; but breeders, as a class, by keeping a special type in view, and that usually a type aimed at for a useful purpose, have beaten Nature and the "survival of the fittest" out of sight. What could be more truly "the embodiment of all that is useful and beautiful," for its purpose, more truly "the embodiment of all that is useful and beautiful," for its purpose, than the lithe greyhound, the alert collie, the sagacious retriever, the dashing Irish setter, the brisk fox-terrier, or, for going to earth after large vermin, the shaggy, indomitable Dandie Dinmont? As a matter of fact, I think the tax is at about the right level. It, and an improved public taste, certainly tend to check the increase of mongrels. On the other hand, if it were higher, it would inflict untold hardships on many poor people, and the rats and cats would have a great holiday. Why not tax the latter? There are myriads of them, and, particularly in towns, they are a great nuisance by day and by night.—Sirius.



W. A. Rouch. THE START FOR THE GRINSTEAD STEEPLECHASE.

ON £500 A YEAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Living in the country, I was much interested in "Australian's" letter. With careful management, and guests not staying too long, I have every reason to know it could be done in moderate comfort, but not luxury. "Australian" would have to get well away from a large town in a "fair" hunting district, and import his own "wine," say a hogshead of claret a year, be satisfied with an ordinary farm hand for gardener, and a young groom living in the house; but the best way would be to get a groom-gardener and his wife to live in the house, the wife attending to the cooking. I give a few items as follows:

Wines, pocket-money, and all extras					Total		£340 160
Food for hous	*** 91	***		12	20 to 150		
Keep of horse				***		***	50
Housemaid			***	***	***	***	15
Cook	***	***	***	***	***	***	20
Groom living in house			***	***		***	25
Garden hand		***	***				40
House	***		* * *	***	***	***	30 to 40.
							£

I have allowed liberally for housekeeping expenses, as the produce from kitchen garden would help considerably. "Australian" could even get a little "shoot" to himself as well as the hunting for his £500 per annum. I am, of course, speaking of the "Midlands." It would cost much more south of London.—H. T. P.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE." [To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—Seeing "Australian's" enquiries in Country Life for March 10th, I venture to differ from you in thinking that he could not manage such an establishment as he suggests on £500 a year. I think in the enclosed estimate you will see that the actual cost of keeping up such an establishment as "Australian" suggests might with care be managed on £500. I know of such a cottage or hunting-box as described, but as it would not require a gardener, I have in my estimate allowed for a groom-gardener, with boy to help in the garden during the hunting season. I may add that I do not give these figures without considerable experience, and I have based them on my own expenditure and my own very carefully-kept accounts.—Experienced Housekeeper.

USEKEEPER												
			P	er w	reek				Per	ann	um.	
				8.	d.				£	S.	d.	
Butcher	***			11	0		***		28	12	0	
Baker				2	6	***	***		6	10	0	
Fish	***	***	***	2	6		***		6	10	0	
Milk and	butter			6	6		***		16	18	0	
Eggs				1	6				- 3	18	0	
Grocery (includes matches	lamp	oil,	7	0		10		18	4	0	
Poultry	****	,,	***	2	0	***				4	0	
Louitry	***	***		-			***		3	- 4	0	
				-		Food	and ligh	ts	€85	16	0	
Washing (about 3:	per w	eek)	400		***	***		7	14	0	
offices,	nfurnishe m railwa quarter a ll stable	y, two	recep	ion, qu	-roo arte	ms, fiv	of grass,	oms,	35	0	0	
Rates and							***	400,	15	0	0	
Subscripti						***			10		0	
Groom-ga									45	0	0	
Livery						***			43	IO	0	
Keep of to									60	0	0	
Stable sur			***						5	0	0	
Lad in ga				4,00					16		0	
Garden ex							/		2	0	0	
Cook-gene						present				0	.0	
House-par						feet.			16	0	0	
-						1115					0	
Coal	***					499					0	
Com				= 6		***	,					
								1	350	0	0	
Clothes, w	ine, poc	ket mo	ney, a	nd s	und	ries	*** '		150	0	0	
								£	500	0	0	

of the roots require dividing, lift them up with a fork, damaging the fibres as little as possible, and pull the crowns apart. Leave the fronds,

as these are a protection to the crowns during the cold winds and sharp frosts which occur until spring has merged into summer. A mulching of leaf mould over the crowns will be helpful,

mould over the crowns will be helpful, but this need only be given in the case of very delicate kinds. Ferns are really wonderfully vigorous plants, and succeed in almost any soil, but they prefer a good loam mixed with fibrous peat, especially if the natural soil be at all stiff and cold. Avoid too close planting. Ferns are frequently much overcrowded, and the result is an anally growth buddled teather and

ROSES WITH BEAUTIFUL FRUIT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—I should much like to know the names of some roses which produce handsome fruit. Of course our wayside briar does so, but this is not charac-teristic of all roses. I am wishful to make a collection of these, as I saw last autumn some brilliant groups through massing those kinds of note for their fruit.—M.

fruit.—M.

[We think the showiest rose fruit is that of the apple-fruited rose (Rosa pomifera), It is even more brilliant than the Japanese rose, as the fruits of R. pomifera are better displayed owing to the foliage being less dense; the fruits are 1½in. long, not counting in the calyx, and 1½in. broad, and orange scarlet in colour. The Japanese rose has the calyx, and ratin. broad, and orange scarlet in colour. The Japanese rose has very handsome fruit, produced, as you probably know, at the same time as the flowers, and of the whole tribe the showiest is the fruit of the single white variety. Many of the Penzance briars bear brilliant fruit, also the alpine rose (Rosa alpina) and R. lucida.—ED.]



SPRING

FOUR SEASONS IN A FLOWER GARDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a set of photographs of my flower garden, taken at the four seasons of the year. If you care to reproduce them in your excellent paper I shall be delighted. I have added a short account of the garden and how I -PENYBOLLE.

iThe following is the account given by our correspondent: "This garden at Park Place, Hen'ey, was started in March, 1898. Previous to that the ground was used for cabbages and other vegetables. We got the herbaceous

much overcrowded, and the result is an unruly growth huddled together, and destroying all sense of repose and beauty of frond form. Many ferns in time become of considerable size, old, handsome plants, with stately fronds individually of much beauty. These must rise up from the crown and show their true character, which is impossible unless sufficient space be given for proper development. In the possible should be got together, forms for proper development. In the fernery as many beautiful varieties as possible should be got together, forms of lady and male ferns, of which there are exquisite variations. If you require a selection of the best hardy ferns, we will help you on hearing further. -ED.]

THE ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Reading Mr. Conder's beautiful book, "The Floral Art of Japan," has



SUMMER

plants in before the end of March, and in the summer filled up every space with annuals, so that by June and July the garden was a blaze of colour. That autumn we put in several hundred bulbs, so the following spring started with a succession of bloom, which lasted well into November. Even in the winter season there is the bloom of the Christmas roses, the hardy cyclamen, and the yellow winter jasmine. The garden is nearly square, and is enclosed on two sides by the kitc: en garden walls, one side by a privet hedge, which in summer is completely hidden by a row of sweet peas and bunches of nasturtiums and convolvables climbing over it, and the fourth side is a tristic exteen covered with convolvulus climbing over it, and the fourth side is a rustic screen covered with roses and other climbers. There are

two grass paths running parallel to each other, and joined by another across the centre of the garden where the sundial centre of the garden where the sundal stands. I have iron arches covered with golden hops, and a quaint old seat at one end in a bower of wild hops and honey suckle. This small garden is a delight at all the four seasons of the year." To which we say, "A wonderfully quick piece of work."—ED.]

HARDY FERNS

HARDY FERNS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I have a fernery which through my neglect has become a positive eyesore. I should like to know the best season of the year to rearrange thank any hints you can give me best season of the year to rearrange it, and any hints you can give me about hardy ferns I shall be very thankful for. Many of the kinds are very beautiful, both with regard to the colour and form of the fronds.— B. W

[This is a good season of the year for rearranging hardy ferns, as growth has not yet started, and the growing time has to come. If you think any



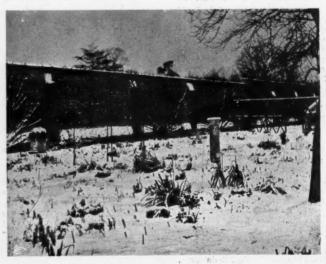
AUTUMN

made me take a very humble view of our English efforts at floral decoration. Would it not be possible for schools of art to start classes for instruction in an art so generally, but so desperately, badly practised? Every won ar is supposed to know by intuition how to make her house beautiful with flowers. Intuition does a great deal for my sex, but it no more enables us to arrange flowers well than to paint well. I would not suggest that the Japanese ideas of dearl art should be carried out absolute here. Her more of their ideas are not to the control of the control of the carried out absolute here. flowers well than to paint well. I would not suggest that the Japaniese lacas of floral art should be carried out absolutely here, but many of their ideas are very valuable. To some people it sounds absurdly obvious that in the arrangement of flowers their natural growth should be studied and shown, but others have not grasped that notion even in a most elementary degree. Some little time

not grasped that notion even in a most elementary degree. Some little time ago I was at a flower show where there was a competition in dinner-table decoration. One lady had thought of the very charming decoration for June of wild roses, but her floral education had been sadly needed to be had the been withleady. sadly neglected, and she had ruthlessly torn every infant blossom from the parent stem and jobbed them into little vases with all their innocent heads jammed into one dead level of dreariness. She must have heard wild roses were pretty, but she had not noticed and nobody told her that the growth of the wild rose is its most beautiful feature, and that one spray of wild rose on the table would have been a thousand times better would have been a thousand times better worth looking at than her battalions of pink flowers. I cannot imagine more interesting lessons to receive than lessons in floral decoration given by a real artist in the subject.—

M. A. C.

[This is an admirable suggestion, and we should be glad to see further correspondence on the subject. -ED.]



WINTER.